THE BEST SPORTING STORIES.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 5. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 5, 1908. ONE PENNY.

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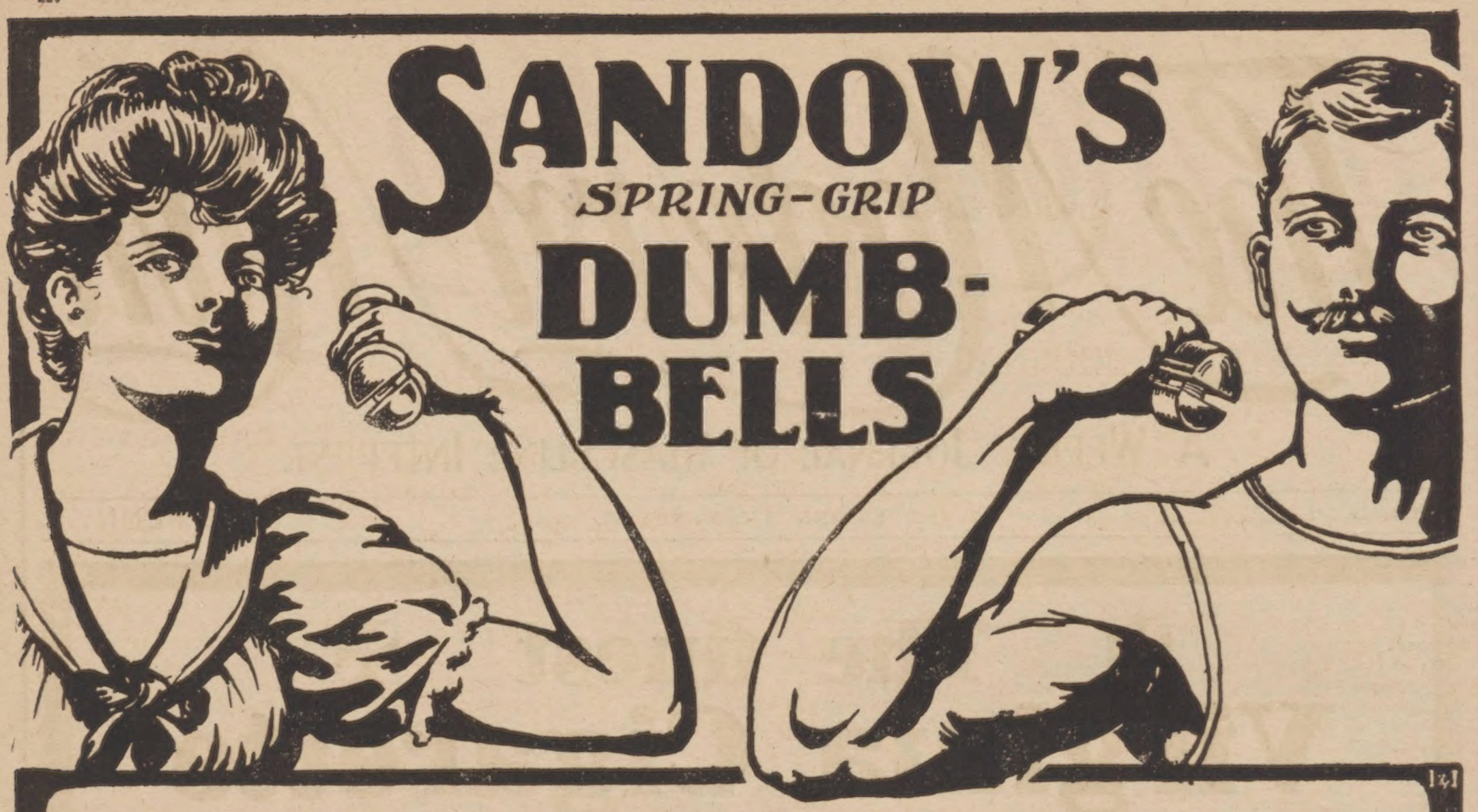

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 5. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 5TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

IMAGINATION AND SPORT.

The mind controls us, when we wish it not,—STONE.

It is of the utmost assistance to a man running a road foot race to have a friend, either on foot or on a cycle, keeping just in front of him. The fact that the pace is being set for him enables him to increase his speed without additional fatigue.

One of the swiftest runners of our time confessed to me on one occasion that it was his invariable practice to imagine that someone was just a yard or two in front of him all the way. The possessor of a vivid imagination, he was able to call up an extra mental picture of his supposed rival, and by making every endeavour to overtake this spectre he accomplished feats of which he would otherwise have been incapable.

In cycling also imagination counts for much. A friend of mine bought a bicycle geared at 80, but after a few rides he became convinced that this gear was too high for him, and so he took his machine back to the cycle agent's and gave instructions for a new chain wheel to be put in, so that the gear might be lowered to somewhere about 70. By an error on the part of the tradesman, the alteration was not made, although both the dealer and the rider fully believed that it had been done.

This cyclist was my companion during a Saturday afternoon spin shortly afterwards, and he favoured me with a long discourse on the advantages of a moderate gear.

He rode exceptionally well that day and for many weeks, in fact till he discovered that the alteration had never been made. Then his cycling form immediately fell off, and he was not happy till the low gear had been substituted.

The mist that hides the hill we are cycling towards does us a direct service. When we are not aware of the existence of the hill till we suddenly come upon it, we attack it with all our energies at their best, and reach the summit without trouble.

While on a walking tour a friend and I went to have a swim at the public baths in a certain town. He was a much better swimmer than myself, but he had always been accustomed to swimming in salt water, and was convinced that he was of no use in fresh.

He asked the attendant at the baths whether the water was salt or not, and the man, apparently misunderstanding the question, assured him that it was.

My friend beat me as easily as usual in our first race over the length of the bath, but just as we were turning back he accidentally swallowed a mouthful of water, thereby discovering that it was fresh.

He at once informed me that he could not get up any speed at all under these conditions. I pointed out to him that he had already beaten me, and that therefore the fresh water was not in any way taking from his speed. In spite of my arguments, however, his form fell off so much that he failed to equal my modest pace all the time we were in the water. COLIN MACBEAN.

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FRIENDS.

When living seems but little worth
And all things go awry,
I close the door, we journey forth—
My dog and I!

For books and pens we leave behind,
But little careth he.
His one great joy of life is just
To be with me.

He notes by just one upward glance
My mental attitude,
As on we go past laughing stream
And singing wood.

How good it is to be alive!
Nature, the healer strong,
Has set each pulse with life athrill
And joy and song.

And ere we reach the busy town,
Like birds my troubles fly,
We are two comrades glad of heart—
My dog and I!

EDWARD LASCELLES.

HAREBRAINED ALFONSO.

Perhaps it is due to his youth, though he is not now so very young; anyhow King Alfonso appears to have but scant notion of the dignity of kingship, and his ministers have endless trouble hushing up the foolish things he does.

Not very long ago he was visiting the house of a Spanish grandee. In the grounds stood a statue on a high pedestal, and nothing would prevent his majesty from climbing up beside it. When he wanted to get down, however, he found that he was unable to do so without assistance, and he had to be helped by his friends.

A press photographer snapped him in this undignified pose, and the photograph was duly printed in a Spanish paper. Next day it was destroyed by Royal decree, but too late; Alfonso had again betrayed himself.

What can we make of another adventure of which he was again the hero? It was during a recent visit to Buckingham Palace. As Queen Alexandra was bidding him good-night he suddenly exclaimed: "I am an acrobat. Would you like to see me perform?"

And with that he turned a series of Royal catherine wheels down the corridor.

High spirits will show themselves, but not in such pointless examples of childish folly as these.

ONE FOR LONDON.

It is a notorious fact that nearly all the best posts in London are held by provincials, and the native of the metropolis is fain to lose heart.

Let him take fresh courage. If Londoners do not hold first place in the world of business, you find them eminent in all other spheres. John Burns was born in London; so were Beerbohm Tree, Pinero, Zangwill, Swinburne, and Sir Edward Clarke, the eminent lawyer.

Of celebrities of the past London holds more than her fair share. Ruskin, Huxley, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Charles Lamb and Disraeli were all born Cockneys.

TEACHING DOGS TRICKS.

LESSONS FOR THE OWNER.

To begin with you must get your dog young! Between the ages of six months and a year he is most easily educated. His lessons must be taught him on a system of rewards, and if he does them badly he may be scolded, but he must never be beaten. If you beat a dog for performing a trick badly, you will make him cower whenever he is asked to perform, as one may observe in the dogs exhibited by the greasy foreigners on the music-hall stage.

Begging is the simplest trick. Place a dog on his haunches in the corner of a room so that he cannot fall when you set him up. Then say "Beg," and raise him till his back is upright. An intelligent dog can be taught the trick in a single lesson, but it is much better to give him several, making each short.

He soon associates the word with the action, and when he gets up of his own accord give him a crumb of biscuit. Do not attempt lessons after he has had a substantial meal, as then he does not care a hang either for you or the biscuit.

When he can beg in the corner, get him to beg against the middle of the wall; he is now supported only at the back, and he has to keep himself from falling to one side or the other. The next step is to make him beg right away from the wall. Place him on the rug or somewhere soft, for he is sure to fall over the back the first time.

To teach a dog to jump, place a board edgeways on the floor and coax him over it with a bit of sugar, at the same time saying "Jump." Presently you may raise the board a little from the ground, and afterwards you may substitute your walking stick or simply hold out your leg. If he tries running beneath instead of jumping over, and he will, scold him.

To make a dog carry a walking stick or a basket, place it in his mouth, and when he drops it, remonstrate with him. He will presently learn that he is supposed not to drop it, and you can further impress the fact upon him by giving him something nice to eat after he has carried it a long way.

A dog will walk on his hind legs after he has learnt the art of balancing by mastering the begging trick. Place him on his hind legs, take a forepaw in your hand and lead him along slowly, holding a dainty morsel above and in front of his nose.

After a bit of practice he will walk in this way without your support.

To teach a dog to shut a door, fasten a piece of meat above the handle just out of his reach. Then say "Shut the door," and let him go. In stretching for the meat he will put his front paws against the door and close it. When he does this properly remove the meat, telling him to shut the door as before, and giving him the meat after he has done it.

A dog will give you a paw if you simply say "Paw" and lift his foot a few scores of times. You should not stop here; teach him to give you the left or the right paw when you ask for it. E. JAMESON CLARK.

A keeper is only a poacher turned inside out, and a poacher a keeper turned outside in.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Poaching has developed during recent years side by side with the advancement in the art of game-preserving. In the old days a poacher was comparatively safe in firing a gun at the pheasants roosting above his head provided he knew that the keeper was not at hand; but now that telephones have been rigged up, linking the various points of a game preserve, and now that watchers are stationed everywhere, the sound of a gun instantly brings the whole fighting force of the estate down upon the intruder.

It is only where the staff is too small, or where the methods of the head keeper are antiquated, that the poacher dare fire a gun now, even a short-barrelled one with a half charge.

He has discovered, however, that it is not necessary to be noisy in order to be destructive. One of his neatest devices is to half fill a cocoa tin with sulphur, and to fit round the tin a small loop of wire by which it may be attached to a stick.

STINKING THEM DOWN.

He provides himself with a fishing rod of the collapsible kind, where the four parts slip inside the butt, and, when he reaches the covert and sees the tails of the pheasants between him and the sky, he slips a lighted match in the sulphur, hitches the tin on the end of his fishing rod, and thrusts the stink-pot beneath the heads of the sleeping birds. Each in turn is stupefied temporarily but effectually, and down it drops to the ground, to have its neck drawn by the poacher.

Another plan is to attach a wire snare to the end of the fishing rod, slip it over the head of the bird and jerk him down.

There are various methods of catching pheasants by means of bait. One is to soak a quantity of raisins in whisky, and lay them at the edge of a covert. Pheasants are more fond of raisins than of anything else, and they will not pause till they have eaten their fill. Before they are satisfied, however, they succumb to the effects of the liquor, and the ambushed poacher darts out and catches them.

Pheasants are also partial to bacon, especially fat bacon, and sometimes a dainty tit-bit of this is tied about a watch spring. The pheasant gobbles it, and the watch spring then expands and chokes the bird.

THE PAPER CONE.

A variant of this is the placing of a stout bristle through a raisin, so that the two ends meet. When the bird swallows the raisin the bristle opens out to its original shape; a few such mouthfuls mean the end of the pheasant's meal—and career.

An effective method is to roll little cones of paper, the edges being held together either by paste or a pin. At the bottom of the cone a few raisins are placed, and the sides are thickly smeared with birdlime or treacle. The cones are then laid upon the ground, and a few grains of corn sprinkled about them.

The pheasant gobbles the corn, and, being inquisitive, observes that there is something much more delicious inside the paper cones. In goes its head, and the cone becomes securely fixed upon it. Thus blindfolded, the bird is quite unable to escape, and the poacher dashes out and wrings its neck.

An artful variant of this plan is to bore conical holes in the ground by means of a narrow-shouldered beer bottle. They answer the purpose just as well as paper bags, and they are less likely to be spotted by passers-by.

The most unsportsmanlike method of capturing the pheasant is to bait, with fat or an acorn, a hook attached to a stout fishing line. The hook is laid down in the grass, and, when the pheasant has swallowed it, the line is simply pulled in hand over hand. Should the poacher not be watching, the bird inevitably suffers great pain before it is killed.

There are two ways of dealing with partridges. You either net them or shoot them. The danger of the latter plan has been pointed out, so I may confine myself to the former.

The net used is twenty yards long, and it requires two men to manipulate it, one at each end. They have observed where certain coveys of partridges are accustomed to roost, for the partridge is fond of returning to the same place night after night.

They walk slowly up one side of the field and down the other, with never a sound except the trailing of the meshes over the long grass, till finally there is a skurry of wings. Then the poachers dash towards the centre of the net, where a dozen birds are doing their best to free themselves.

WITH NET AND DOG.

Sometimes an attempt is made to drive the birds along the field by means of well-trained dogs into a net which has been fixed up for their reception, but partridges, even in the darkness, have a tendency to rise instead of running along, which, of course, upsets the poacher's plan.

The poaching of grouse is an easy matter, as grouse moors are less carefully watched than pheasant or partridge preserves. The poacher has a well-trained pointer, with a tiny lamp fixed around its neck, which enables him to see when it points to a covey.

If the moor is a deserted one he may discharge his gun at the spot indicated, or if he has an assistant drag a net across it. The latter plan is not always possible, however, for the rough clumps of heather do not permit the net to lie as flat on the ground as it does on the smooth fields where the partridges gather. Keepers have taken this hint and are now planting thorn bushes on all the likely parts of their preserves.

GAME EGGS.

The poacher finds the stealing of game birds' eggs extremely profitable. They are always in demand, as fresh birds are constantly required for the replenishment of the coverts. Unfortunately those who purchase pheasants' eggs do not inquire so carefully as they ought to where they have come from.

Most gamekeepers offer a standing reward of a shilling for every nest that may be pointed out to them, and the wily egg-poacher has a pretty trick of pointing out a nest and securing this shilling before returning to it and removing the eggs. Sometimes he will leave one or two; generally he takes the lot, sprinkling a few game feathers about to lead the keeper to suppose that a fox has been the robber and has carried off not only the eggs but the hen pheasant.

The price the poachers get for eggs varies from a penny to fourpence each.

PHILIP TANNER.

CURE FOR BLUSHING.

"Dear Editor, Please give me a cure for blushing. It makes me feel such an ass."

A request to this effect is found in every day's post dealt with by the correspondence editor of any paper. It would appear that blushing is dreaded by its victims more than the most terrible of diseases, but it is not, after all, a thing to be ashamed of. A man can blush just so long as any good remains in him.

The idiot cannot be made to blush; neither can the savage. So we may take blushing as a sign of sanity and culture.

There is but one cure for the man who blushes at nothing. He must overcome his weakness by habit. One of the strongest men I ever knew could not prevent himself from blushing when he met a pretty girl. The cure in such cases is to accustom one's self more to the society of ladies, when this admirable shyness will gradually wear off.

THE LADIES' MAN.

Women know a point more than the devil.—ITALIAN PROVERB.

There are two types of the ladies' man; I shall deal with each separately. The first is more vulgarly known as a lady-killer.

His manners are polished, not to say over glossy, and he delights in the society of any young woman, be she never so ugly. On his young lady friends he spends all his money and most of his time.

Why?

Because his predominant characteristic is self-conceit. He wants admiration, and the girls will give it to him. Not that they admire him, mark you. They see through him at once, for they are sharp in these matters of the heart, and a little slip of a girl knows more about this particular game than the most learned philosopher.

It may be asked why the girls put themselves to the trouble of pretending an esteem they don't feel. For the simple reason that a tame cat is a useful thing to have about the house. If theatre tickets are wanted they will be forthcoming from Bertie. He also is ready to be their cavalier at a picnic. Hence they keep him in tow, and their method of doing this is infallible; they pretend to admire him.

He does not really love them, for no one man has enough love to go round all his lady acquaintances. Why, then, does he waste his time courting their admiration?

Because admiration is the food that his self-conceit demands, and he can only get it in the society of girls. His men friends know him too well. The girls know him, too, but they pretend that they take him at his own valuation.

I know a young man who sometimes plays golf. Every second ball he foozles, but he tells the girls fine tales of his prowess on the links, and they listen with simulated awe. The men won't do that, because they have seen him play, and they would only laugh at him if he began to brag.

Sometimes he hires a horse and goes for a ride, not because he likes the exercise much, but because he wants the girls to see him on horseback. He walks his horse down the principal street of the town during the afternoon when the young ladies are out shopping with their mammas. He chooses this mode of progression because at the walk the unskilful horseman can conceal his awkwardness. It is only when he reaches the country and you insist upon his trotting that his lack of prowess is shown up.

Because, for their own ends, they pretend to believe in him and his athletic pretensions, he finds in the ladies' company his chiefest pleasure.

But for all of it they like him less than other men. Over-indulgence in feminine society breeds a femininity of manner, a fault which no woman can forgive.

The second type of ladies' man is very different. He is the man who follows sport for its own sake. The only time the girls hear of what he can do in the way of athletics is when his friends speak to them about him, or when they see his name in the newspapers as one of the successful competitors in a sporting event.

His time he spends in building up his business; his spare cash he saves, so that he may be ready to set up house promptly when he meets the right girl.

Such is the man whom women really admire. When he finally discovers that his heart is lost, there is not much trouble with his wooing, for his conquest has long since been made.

The ladies do not flirt with this type of man, because they like him, and it would ruin their peace of mind to play at love with him. When he wants to marry, he can have the girl he likes; the lady-killer, on the other hand, generally dies a bachelor, for he is a thing of hollowness, and when it comes to the test no girl will have him.

Lord Lytton once said: "Chivalry to all women, devotedness to one, and no sham." Sound advice, too.

EDWARD HILL.

A MODERN CATTLE LIFTER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By LAURENCE S. NORTH.

It was a charitable institution which sent Bob Granger to Canada when he was a boy, and, though he was not one of those cases which they quoted in pamphlets when they asked for further subscriptions, still those who had paid for his passage had received value for their money indirectly.

If they had kept him at home they would have had to pay many pounds in housing and feeding him at the national expense.

In other words, if Bob Granger had not been sent out of England, he would very soon have been inside an English gaol. Such was his temperament.

Through the various stages between boyhood and manhood we need not follow his career. It is sufficient to know that at the age of twenty-five, when we take him up, he was possessed of a wiry frame, a considerable sum of money and a natural alertness of mind.

The latter two possessions we can discuss in combination; it was the third which enabled him to get the second.

Two years before he had hit on the original idea of adapting the methods of the Australian bushranger to modern Canada. It was a bright notion, and for a long time no one imagined the true reason why the cattle went missing.

Some said a new disease had spread amongst them, and that they retired to a distant part of the prairie to die, but nobody thought of connecting the disappearance of the cattle with the large consignments that were being shipped from Vancouver to San Francisco.

One paper suggested that the cattle had been raided, but the theory was indignantly flouted as melodramatic and out-of-date, and so Bob Granger, aided by certain equally reputable companions, held periodic and private round-ups, and, having altered the brands, drove the cattle across to Vancouver where he sold them by public auction at low, but to him extremely profitable, prices.

There he represented himself as a cattle buyer on a large scale, alleging that there was a dearth of ready money in the interior, and, having bought the beasts at famine prices, he was prepared to accept moderate returns. Thus originated the remarkable increase in Vancouver's cattle output, and in the banking account of Bob Granger.

But the time came—as under such circumstances it has a knack of doing—when the true cause of the wholesale disappearance of cattle was correctly guessed at, and Granger was suspected of being it.

Suspicion, however, differs essentially from proof, and, if he had simply booked a passage back to England, he might have returned in all safety, to be interviewed by newspaper reporters and snapshotted by press photographers as the interesting young millionaire from Canada.

This course did not, unfortunately, suggest itself to Granger. A successful conquering of difficulties had given him a false estimate of his abilities in that direction, and, even after he had heard that the police were on the outlook for evidence against him, he determined upon effecting yet another coup.

This was to be a feat famous rather for its quality than its magnitude, and was none other than the spiriting away of a fine British bull which had been imported and was now on its way to a farmer living near Calgary.

With his companions he held up the train not very far on the other side of the Calgary station, for he had no desire to drive the bull farther than was absolutely necessary.

The holding up of a train was new to him, but he carried it off successfully, and, after he had led the bull from its special truck, he blew up the track in front of the standing engine for a distance of some twenty yards, thus making pursuit improbable; and he further insured his safety by cutting the telegraph wires.

Still careful, he started with the bull in a northern direction, and as soon as he reached some hard stony ground which would hold no tracks, he faced it about westward to Vancouver.

The scheme was not so very foolhardy, for, though the police suspected him, he had learned that they had no idea as to where he disposed of his prey; in fact they had a fixed belief that he was in league with someone on the other side of the frontier and that the cattle were driven across into the United States. And so Bob and his worthy companions were well on the road to Vancouver that night before the darkness lifted.

The journey to Vancouver would occupy several weeks, for the prize bull must not be unduly hurried. The honour of escorting him Granger intended should be his alone, and he purposed holding a farewell spree with his friends at a certain grog shop which he was in the habit of patronising.

There remained a few money matters to settle with them, and when that was done, and when he had recovered from the effects of his orgie, he would set out alone to the seaport.

Such were his plans.

They reached the grog shop about mid-day, and after a meal transacted their business, settling themselves down when this was finished to the more serious matter of drinking.

They drank and sang and drank again till darkness fell. When the lights were brought they recommenced their labours in consuming the stock-in-trade of their host.

Hard-headed as he could be in season, Granger rejoiced in his ability to relax at the proper moment, and the present time he considered to be such.

One of his friends had just finished a song, and he himself was on the point of capping it with another, when there came a sharp and authoritative rap at the door.

Instantly the men sprang to their feet, and Granger dashed to an upper window from which he could see that the house was surrounded by a dozen troopers. The effects of the liquor left him instantly, and he hastily considered what had best be done.

The stable in which their horses were feeding had been built against the wall of the house to provide the stock with additional warmth and shelter in time of storm, and the stable door was close to the back entrance of the house.

"Our only hope, boys," he said, "is for me to bolt by the front door and so lead the police off. That will give you time to get out at the back, saddle your horses and ride off."

He could be generous at times.

When he opened the door he found a trooper barring his exit, but, ducking nimbly beneath his arm, he dashed past him into the night.

In a moment the sergeant in charge of the troop raised a shout, and all but two of the troopers set off in pursuit. These two were left to guard the house, but in the flurry of his escape they failed to observe the other men slip into the stable.

The next they knew was that the remaining desperadoes were dashing past them, mounted. They fired, of course, but the darkness made accurate shooting impossible and, though one of the men received a bullet in his bridle arm, there was no serious casualty.

Granger's plan of action was well arranged and scientific. He knew the ground like an open book, and, having safely escaped the bullets that showered past him, he vanished in a neighbouring wood.

Half a mile westward he emerged from the shadow of the trees and stole back to the grog shop.

The house was now unguarded, for the police had set off in other directions in search of him and his companions, so, entering the stable, he quickly saddled his horse and made off to the northward.

"I can't take the bull just now," he whispered to the landlord before starting, "but unless something happens I'll be back for him in a day or two. Meantime if the police should seize him I won't hold you responsible."

But the police had other things to think of.

The bull was property, and as such was their proper care, but the credit of the business would be the catching of the man responsible for the robbery, and so they camped till morning, and then set off on the track of Bob Granger, trusting in the acumen of the half-caste who had successfully followed the track to the grog shop.

Granger understood very well that, having followed his trail so far, they would readily pick it up again.

He therefore pursued his way by a circuitous route till he struck the upper reaches of a stream which finally passed the bottom of the grog shop garden.

A trail, occasionally used by waggons, crossed this stream at a ford. Riding up the bank some distance above this crossing, Granger espied a tree trunk which had been carried down by the melting snow and now lay fast stuck amongst the shingle at the side of the stream.

Dismounting, he pushed the log back into the water; and then, mounting again, he galloped off down stream to the ford. On reaching the middle of the shallows, he dismounted and sent his horse to the other side, where it galloped off without paying him the compliment of waiting to see whether he intended to come also.

Having observed that the horse acted exactly as he wished, he planked himself in the water, so that he might intercept the log as it floated gently down towards him. When it came within reach he clutched it, stretched himself upon it and floated with it down stream.

A couple of hours later the troopers paused at the ford, examined his tracks, and then waded and swam their horses to the other side, where they found the continuation of the hoof prints, and shortly afterwards discovered his horse grazing peacefully and riderless.

"Poor devil!" said one. "He's got drowned crossing that ford, so that's the end of him. I wonder who gets his horse? Is it Crown property, or does it fall to the finder?"

And, leading the horse, they returned to headquarters with the information that there would be no more trouble from Bob Granger.

* * * * * * *

It was a week later that the very trooper who had expressed his doubt as to the fate of Granger's horse discovered the body of a man on the prairie.

In the abdomen was a wicked stab such as might have been given by the horn of a bull.

The face was drawn with pain and the chin covered with blood, but it required no great exercise of official intelligence to recognise in the dead man the features of Bob Granger, who, if he had only been complaisant enough to carry out the official theories, would have been dead seven days before.

Some distance away a big black bull with blood on its horn stood blinking at the trooper and his find.

"I wonder if he meant to lead that bull all on his own to Vancouver?" the trooper muttered, but dead men tell no tales, and the publican, of whom exhaustive inquiries were made, professed a diplomatic ignorance.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

RELAXING YOUR MUSCLES.

When you have finished exercising you must remove the stiffness of the muscles by relaxing them thoroughly. Massage is excellent, but the athlete has not always the time necessary for it.

Here is a system of relaxing which can be gone through in less than two minutes.

Shake your arms and legs as if you were endeavouring to dislodge drops of water from the skin and then serve the muscles of the shoulders, back and abdomen in similar fashion.

The movement is to be as light as possible, and during it the limbs must be allowed to hang perfectly limp.

Finish off with a light hand rub over those muscles which still feel a little stiff.

Many athletes take their morning exercise half-heartedly because they have learnt by bitter experience that they feel unfit for the day's work if they start with stiffened and possibly aching muscles. This system of relaxing, however, will remove this objection and allow the morning spell to be gone through with as much vigour and enthusiasm as that given to the evening exercise.

By adopting it you will be able to start your day's work refreshed by your pre-breakfast exercises, and suffering not one inconvenient after-effect.

INSIDE LEG MUSCLES.

Rest the left heel on a chair, balancing yourself on your right foot and throwing your body as far back as possible. Take in your right hand a heavy book or other weight and raise it as far above your head as you can.

Do it as illustrated.

While you do this an enormous strain is put upon the muscles inside the thigh and the calf of the right leg; this is not due to the weight of the object you are lifting but to the effort to keep the balance.

Five minutes of this will do as much for your leg muscles as five hours of cycling, but be careful to bend well back, as otherwise the exercise is useless.

When you have raised the weight five times while standing on the right foot, exercise the other leg by placing the right foot on the chair and raising the weight with the left hand.

Here, as in all other exercises, breathe freely so as to avoid heart strain.

THE GLOVES FOR TEMPER.

You say "Smith was mad," meaning that he lost his temper, but you would not be far out if you took the word in its literal sense.

The man who has really lost his temper (most of us only pretend to do so) is, for the time being, mad. He is not responsible for his actions, though he is held responsible by law.

The man whose temper is subject to periodical outbursts loses something in life. He loses friends for one thing, and often enough opportunities in business. In almost every case he is unathletic. Search your own experience of your fellow men, and you will not find one athlete who is bad-tempered.

The cure is inferred in that statement. Let the possessor of a temper engage in games. It would be too ludicrous for description if a player tore his hair every time he foozled a ball at golf, or attacked everyone in sight when his shins were rapped with a hockey stick.

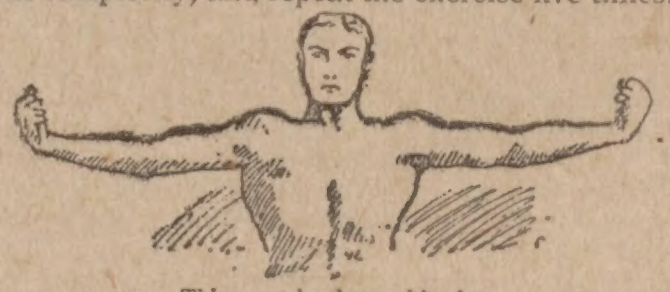
Even in the vilest temper a man still retains a sense of humour, and in the course of any active game there would come to him a realisation of the absurdity of his besetting sin.

If you want a really quick cure for temper, one of the while-you-wait variety, try boxing, but with a more skilful "pug" than yourself. Within the first five seconds the temper will show itself, and before the next five have passed it will have been duly and sufficiently chastised.

TENSING THE ARMS.

Stretch the arms out to the full extent of your reach, keeping the palms of the hands uppermost. Now close your fists and bend them up as far as you can, being careful to have the arms straight all the time.

Hold them thus for a few seconds, putting as much strain on the muscles as you can; then relax completely, and repeat the exercise five times.



This must be done with vim.

There is not one muscle in the arms which this exercise will not rapidly develop, and it is particularly good for that "weakest joint," the wrist.

It has the further advantage of being a purely voluntary strain, entirely under your own control and imposing no tax upon the heart.

The exercise can therefore be confidently recommended to the weakest as well as to the strongest culturist.

AN EXPLANATION.

In a recent number I had a paragraph on this page giving hints to users of indiarubber developers.

With reference to it I have received a letter from the manager of Sandow's Developer Co., in which he points out that from the wording of the paragraph my readers may receive the impression that such appliances are dangerous.

Of course they are not. My sole object was to show how even the possibility of accident might be prevented.

For years I have used a Sandow developer, and I take this opportunity of correcting any erroneous impression that may have been conveyed, because I am a strong supporter of the Sandow method, and believe that Mr. Sandow has done more for the physical culture movement than anyone else. Good luck to him!

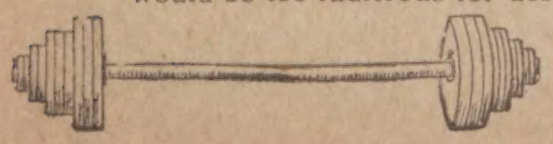
ARM AGAINST ARM.

Place the palm of the left hand over the back of the right, grasping it lightly. Then press downwards with your left and upwards with your right. Put vigour and vim into it.

Press hard.

It is a little difficult at first to persuade the hands to work efficiently in these opposite directions, but a minute's practice will solve the trouble, and you will be provided with an arm developer whose resistance grows with your increasing strength. You can't possibly strain yourself.

The muscles benefited are those of the forearm, the wrist and the upper arm. The harder you press upwards with one hand and downwards with the other the more good accrues from the exercise. It is advisable to practise this before a mirror.



STARTING A P.C. CLUB.

EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT.

The enthusiast for physical culture, like all other enthusiasts, wants to make converts. Moreover his own progress is greatly improved by working along with others, for competition gives him just the necessary stimulus when his own interest flags a little.

To start and run a physical culture club you must begin on a very small scale. It is all very well to take for granted that the membership will be big, to make calculations showing that the concern will pay, and to rent a commodious set of rooms, the cost of which ought to be met by the subscriptions; but this principle is bound to entail endless worry and anxiety to the founder.

By far the best plan is to get at the beginning the gratuitous loan of a shed. If you have not such a building yourself, some other enthusiast in your town or village may be able to get one for you. At the worst, a disused stable with the partitions removed might be made to serve the purpose.

The apparatus likewise is at the outset to be supplied by the members. Each will bring what physical culture appliances he possesses.

The entry money should be 5s. and the weekly subscription 6d. Make it the rule that all subscriptions should be paid in advance. You will thus start with a fair sum of money in hand, and out of this you will gradually buy apparatus, which will be the property of the club, and you will return that lent by individual members.

The bulk of the money you should expend in prizes for competitions to be held weekly. Nothing will make your club so widely known as these contests, and, so far as accommodation permits, they should be open to the public, a charge being made for admission.

Presently when you and your fellow members become more expert with the gloves, the clubs and the foils, you may hire a small hall and give a display upon a more ambitious scale. Here again the charge for admission will help the club funds, but it should be kept small in order that the audience may be large, for your chief object is to get new members. In these displays there should be a few competitions open to outsiders, in order to make the interest in the movement widespread.

As your membership increases you will find that you have a sum of money in hand. The time will now have arrived for you to consider the better housing of the institution. In a village it is easy to rent some large shed, but in a town you will be obliged to be satisfied with rooms.

It is rather difficult to get rooms where the ceilings are sufficiently high and the rents sufficiently low, but a diligent search generally solves the problem.

The ideal is to have one large room as the gymnasium, and a small one opening upon it as a dressing room, where at least three shower baths should be fitted up as soon as the funds will allow it. The room must be properly ventilated, for bad air is both unpleasant and injurious to the man who is breathing deeply with exercise.

Keep a high ideal in view, and don't rest content till your club is big enough—and therefore wealthy enough—to afford the services of an expert trainer. He won't cost you such a terrific lot, for, if you look about, you will find someone who is enthusiastic enough for the cause to do the work for a small remuneration.

Aim also at acquiring an extensive library of all the best and latest books on physical culture. Such a collection would be appreciated by every member, novice and expert alike.

Have the accounts of the club accurately kept in a book open to the inspection of every member, and have a committee appointed which has the power of refusing admission to any applicant or of expelling any member at pleasure.

Foster a spirit of good fellowship, and make the club to some extent a social as well as an athletic institution.

H. PATERSON.

NIGHT WORK.

Dark, dark, dark, without all hope of day.—MILTON.

If there be a reader of these lines who is contemplating taking up a job that will necessitate his working all night, I say to him as the result of experience: "Don't."

While a sub-editor on an evening paper, I received an offer of a similar position on a morning journal at double the salary; and I took it. Now I wish I had remained where I was.

In the former case my labours were over and done with at the same time as those of the average man; in the latter I begin just about the time he is leaving his office, and I leave off about the time the milkman is setting forth on his rounds. That is why I would rather have the old job again though the salary was but half.

I had enough at that time to get along with, and I was free when other people were free, and could go to a music-hall in the evenings if I wanted to. Now I am simply saving up my money, for I have hardly any opportunity of spending it; it is, in fact, of no use to me.

Dear reader, just imagine the case of a man whose best girl is engaged as a typist all day in an office, while he himself works all night!

Put yourself in his place!

When can he take her for a walk? The only off time they have in common is from six to eight in the morning. Picture to yourself the feelings of a girl if you suggested that she should come with you for a walk at that hour.

Nor is this all. You must remember that the night worker is using artificial light all the time, to the detriment of his eyes; it is difficult for him to get a good square meal when he wants it; and he has to sleep all through the noise of the traffic during the day. Can we wonder that the army of the night are lean of visage and heavy of eye?

While travelling to the office and from it, I have met other night workers of every rank and condition. The tale they tell is the same, though some of them are dazzled by the extra pay, forgetting that, when the time comes for them to retire from active service, they will have but a short space to enjoy themselves in, and a very dreary life to look back upon.

There is one old chap, however, who takes the life quite cheerily.

He likes it, he says, because it is in his blood. His father was for many years a night policeman, and he himself is employed at a steam bakery somewhere in the south-west of London. On leaving his factory he has to pass through a wealthy residential neighbourhood to reach his railway station, and he informed me that he has on more occasions than one been arrested on suspicion as a burglar.

The regular policemen know him; it is when a newcomer arrives that the trouble begins. He is a taciturn old knave with a quaint sense of humour, and I could well imagine him playing the part right up to the last moment, and finally exacting the price of a drink from the over-zealous constable.

I have just one consolation in night work. By stinting myself of sleep I can have Saturday afternoons free, so that I can go to a football match like anybody else.

Sunday takes a bit of arranging, for you must remember that I have to be at the office that evening before six to get Monday's paper out.

Generally I sleep from Saturday evening till Sunday morning, which leaves me free till the afternoon, when I take another nap to prepare for the night's work.

I know some men who don't get Sunday off, but a week-day instead. That, I should think, was just about the limit, for if you don't have any opportunity of seeing your friends you might just as well be in gaol.

No. I don't like night work. It may be better paid, and there will doubtless be men forthcoming as long as it is so, but to sleep all day and work at night isn't natural anyhow.

T. D. WILLIAMS.

SPORTING STORIES

HIS GUARANTEE.

Mr. Bicklefog, the baker, wanted a new cob for one of his vans. His knowledge of horseflesh was exceptional in its smallness, but that did not deter him.

"Wot's the use of payin' a vet's fee?" he remarked to his wife. "You're perfectly safe if you insist on the feller giving you a written guarantee."

So he set out for the fair, and presently he found a very likely-looking cob, for which a dealer was asking £20. Bicklefog offered ten, of course, and the vendor as usual agreed to accept £15.

Then they retired to a public-house for the writing of the guarantee. After much head-scratching and biting of his pen the dealer drafted a document warranting the cob to be all that a cob should be, and more.

"Now sign that," he said, passing it across the table.

And Mr. Bicklefog signed it and put it in his pocket. Then with many expressions of mutual esteem the baker returned to his buns and the dealer to his doings.

HIS CATCH.

The angler had impressed upon his youthful son the imperative need for silence. He had a very hazy idea as to whether or not fishes had ears, but the opportunity of exerting his parental authority was not to be missed, and so he forbade the little boy to speak on pain of being roasted alive, frozen to death, dropped over precipices, and other pleasant entertainments.

But this restraint vanished entirely when suddenly, after many hours of waiting and silence, the angler's rod bent and his line was visibly pulled down stream.

"James Henry," he said, for he felt so clever that he wanted to teach anybody within hearing, "now is your opportunity to learn things. When you've had as much experience as I've had you can tell at the outset what fish it is you've hooked. Owing to the way this one gobbled the bait and then dashed down stream I know it's a bream. Bream must be played very carefully and skilfully, for they are wily and artful, but I'm fully competent to deal with him."

The little boy looked impressed, for he was a diplomatic little boy.

And just then the old boot which he had caught bobbed up to the surface, and James Henry turned round, for safety's sake, and grinned to the wriggling worms in the bait can.

QUALIFIED FOR ADMISSION.

Mr. Muggleton looked at the notice which read "Admission to the Paddock £1 1s." He wanted to get inside if he could, but he lacked the requisite guinea.

Presently there came along three sporting men, similarly deficient in coin of the realm, and Mr. Muggleton, listening while they conspired together, determined to follow in their footsteps.

"I'm Canterhome's owner," said one, and, as his exterior was prosperous looking, he was admitted.

"I'm Canterhome's trainer," said the second. His appearance was horsey, so he also was allowed in.

"I'm Canterhome's jockey," said the third, and he, being a little man with very bow legs, was also permitted to enter.

"I'm Canterhome," said Mr. Muggleton, advancing boldly to the wicket, but, strangely enough, he was refused.

DRIVING JOBS.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—CARLYLE.

Most of the chaps I know work just to get a living and not because they care about their job; that means that they enjoy life only in their off hours. I enjoy mine all the time, because I am doing work that I should like to do even if there were no need for me to earn a living at all.

To drive a horse was my ambition as far back as I can remember, and it has been by driving horses that I have made my bread and butter up till now. After all, what I do for a living many a gentleman is doing for pleasure.

At first I thought I should like to be a cabby, but I began to notice that cabmen spent most of their time waiting for fares and not driving. Then I thought of being a 'bus driver, but that would mean working in London, and I prefer the country.

My first job was driving a milk cart, which I did for a year at 15s. a week. There were two drawbacks, one of course being the smallness of the wage, and the other the length of the hours. In the dairy where I was employed we had to get up at four o'clock in the morning to clean the sheds and stables, milk the cows, scour the churns, and so forth; our rounds were not finished till six at night, and after that we had to groom and feed the ponies.

My next job was driving a laundry collecting van, for which I got 17s. a week. It was a nice job in some respects, for I had a different round every day, instead of going over the same ground as I had done with the milk cart, but after a bit I wanted a change. The company I worked for had a rule forbidding customers to send any infected garments to the laundry, but I happened to find out several cases where the rule had been broken by unscrupulous householders.

It was impossible for me to know when there was illness in the house, and I never felt certain that I had not the possibilities of my own death stowed behind me in the van, so, when I saw an advertisement offering a baker's vanman 18s. a week and commission, I snapped at it and got the job.

The commission was to encourage us to bring in new trade, and I managed to do a good deal in this line. The other vanmen got about 6s. a week in commission, but mine seldom fell below 8s., and at last rose to 12s. Then the manager told me that I was earning too much, and that, unless my standing wage was knocked down, the other men would begin to grumble and get troublesome. I knew I ought to have the commission I earned, but I am no hand at arguing, so I held my tongue and looked out for another job.

This time it was as a country grocer's roundsman at 27s. a week. There was no commission, but we were expected to do a bit of canvassing, and it was at this job that I learned something that has been very useful to me.

I found that country grocers sold their goods far too dear, and I imagined there would be a good living for a man who would bring stuff to the farmers' doors at town prices.

I kept my idea to myself and saved every shilling I could till at last I had £15. With this I bought a light van and a cob and a small stock of groceries, brushes and other household goods, and with that outfit I built up a good round in a district where the houses were scattered and the shops few. As I began to gather in profits, I increased my stock and finally bought a first rate van and a very handsome horse.

I drive that horse all day long, and every day bar Sundays, so you will guess he has to be a good one, and I like to see some quality in the shafts.

I have no rent to pay for a shop, no worry of servants, I am living a healthy life in the open air, doing the work I like, and my profits would compare favourably with many a grocer's. They never fall below £5 a week, and often they rise to over twice that sum.

J. PARKER.

THE EQUINE MOUTH.

When riding a horse which has got out of hand, it is generally possible to check his career by bearing on one rein, so as to bring him round in a circle.

No matter how bad the horse may be, he will answer to a steady pressure on one side; as the circle gets smaller he naturally has to decrease his pace, thus giving his rider the chance to recover his balance and composure.

Grooms, when taking horses from one place to another, lead them unless otherwise instructed on the off side. This in time tends to harden one side of the horse's mouth, and it is therefore advisable to change them over on alternate days.

UTILITY OF POSING.

The advantages of posing as an aid to physical development are not known as they deserve. Taken in conjunction with such exercises as those described by Mr. Mitchell, posing has a marvellously rapid effect on the physique.

The pith of physical development is concentration and contraction. Both are demanded in posing.

It is interesting; there is no danger of strain; the student must strip, and consequently refresh his skin with one of its most valuable tonics—an air bath; there is no danger of catching cold—the muscular exertion necessary prevents that.

The exertion necessary in showing the various muscles, has a wonderful effect on their growth; you can almost watch their increase.

The cost is nil, as it is only necessary to stand in front of a mirror and repeat different poses in the manner of ordinary exercises. Put yourself in any pose, keep tense for about six seconds, relax and repeat until just beginning to tire.

Obvious progress in any line of endeavour means encouragement, and that is just what the physical culturist needs. Let him practise posing and take full pride in the muscles he has made.

TO MAKE A WALKING STICK.

Every man likes to have a good walking stick, but when he possesses one which he has made himself, he naturally values it more highly.

A handle to a straight stick may be made by boiling that portion of it from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour in a large pot or copper; then bending it round a circular piece of wood, to give the required curve, and tying it firmly in that position.

The bending should be done gradually, or there will be danger of breaking those fibres of the wood on which the strain is greatest, and of injuring the bark.

The tie should be allowed to remain for some weeks, till the wood has become perfectly dry, when the string and superfluous part of the stick may be cut away.

Oak plants, when used for walking sticks, should have the bark removed. Nothing makes a better-looking stick than common blackthorn; on this the bark should always be preserved, and the knots trimmed off, not too closely; other sticks which look well in the bark are holly, whitethorn, cherry and hazel.

Sticks hooked in the above manner give the best handles to walk with. A coat of varnish should finally be given to the stick to improve its appearance and increase its durability.

NO BONES BROKEN.

A most amusing incident occurred at the Rugby football match, at Coventry on Nov. 7th, Coventry v. United Services.

From a general mix up, a Service man got away with the ball. Being tackled by his shorts, he observed by the draught that they had split.

Not wishing to display to inquisitive eyes the costume of Adam, the player remained prone. Seeing a man down, the ambulance members, who are always present, in case of need, were quickly on the scene.

Then the truth—the whole truth was laid bare.

It is left to the reader to imagine the shouts of laughter from the thousands who witnessed the occurrence.

A GUINEA FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

OUR READERS' PAGE.

FOR SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

"In this changeable kind of weather," remarked a well-known professional singer, "I have the greatest difficulty in keeping my voice in fit condition. After long experiment I have devised a couple of remedies which nearly always put me right; if one fails the other acts, according to the condition of the vocal chords.

"The first is this: scrape a piece of horse-radish, as big as two fingers, into a glass of water. Put that in a pot by the fire for two hours. Then strain it and add some sugar. A teaspoonful at intervals is the dose.

"The other remedy is simpler, and I therefore always try it first. It is the juice of a lemon squeezed on a lump of sugar.

"I have saved myself from losing many an engagement with these home-made cures."

JACK TAR AS DANCER.

No one can compete with the British navy man as a dancer. Because sailors have to keep their feet under trying circumstances, they acquire an ease of equilibrium which is possessed by no other class. They are also of sturdy build, and heavy men waltz better than lightweights.

Besides having these natural advantages, they are constantly practising. Every Thursday and Saturday evening there is dancing on the lower-deck of our man-o'-wars, unless the weather is too rough; and at least once a week the officers have a dance on the quarter-deck.

Then when the ship touches at a port dances are always got up, both aboard and ashore. All of which things go to explain Jack's pre-eminence in the ball-room.

THE LUST OF TRAVEL.

Travel is with some people a kind of mania. You meet such a one casually and remark that you are thinking of taking a trip to Paris for the week end. His reply is an inquiry as to which route you are patronising, and he names half a dozen hotels where you ought to put up, gives you a catalogue of a hundred sights you ought to see, and tells you enough to fill a large sized book in regard to the amount you should pay for your various requirements.

He is a wicket tyrant is the seasoned traveller. Much of the pleasure of getting about lies in planning and in devising ways and means. It is his aim and object to deprive you of this joy by assuming it for you.

He is never so happy as when getting from one place to another at the shortest notice and in the minimum of time. So far, good. Would that he refrained from forcing his experience on the novice who is qualifying to be his rival.

HAVE WE HAD YOURS?

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Send us something really fresh. We can't and won't use dull stuff.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. Horace Almond, 1, Milton Terrace, Halifax, for "The Equine Mouth."

GARDEN GOLF.

As in all other games, success at golf can only be won by constant practice. The man who cannot go to the links except on Saturday afternoon, will do well to keep up his form in his own back-yard.

The smallest lawn will serve for practice in putting, and a little ingenuity will enable the golfer to improve in driving, without sending his ball into his neighbour's garden. This may be accomplished by using the parachute ball, which is an ordinary golf-ball securely attached to an arrangement like a child's parachute. When the ball begins its flight, the parachute opens out and arrests its progress.

A simpler way is to attach a golf-ball, by means of a couple of yards of strong cord, to a stake firmly driven into the ground. Instead of flying off, the ball will then revolve round and round the stake, till the cord is wound up. In practising with an apparatus of this kind the enthusiast must be careful to stand in such a position that his shins will not be barked by the ball as it spins round, for a golf-ball can give a nasty knock.

CURES WANTED.

If any reader wishes fame in the realm of scientific investigation, there is still unexplored territory which no doctor has been able to mark out.

We do not know, for example, the exact nature of the virus in small-pox, scarlet fever or measles, and the usual mode of treatment is to keep up the patient's health and allow the disease to run its course. If the virus were once ascertained, an anti-toxin could be found for it, and the illnesses resulting from these maladies would be cut down to half their present duration. For the discoverer, therefore, there will be both fame and fortune.

In veterinary medicine there is still much to learn, and specialists in this department will be glad to know the exact nature of rabies in dogs, horse-sickness, rinderpest in cattle and catarrhal fever in sheep.

BRAZEN SILENCE.

The man who talks too much we can tolerate, for his volubility is the outcome of a harmless, maybe kindly, nature. But there is another type in whom one can find less good.

He would describe himself as a strong, silent man; and it is his custom to use, not as few words as may be necessary, but a good many less than that.

You make a remark to him—perhaps not a very interesting one, but one that the amenities of social intercourse demand should have an answer—and he replies merely by a cold and, as he would name it, an expressive stare.

His silence, if it does not originate from sulkiness, is a form of affectation for which nothing can be said. Affectation of the kind that makes life more pleasant can be excused, but the man who thinks he appears solid when he uses as few words as possible, is a social nuisance.

STYLE IN RIDING.

If a man really wants to ride well, and his heart is thoroughly on a horse, I know of no better way of learning than going to a good agricultural show, and there watching the men who show off the light and heavy-weight hunters. They are always among the best riders to be found anywhere, and for seat and style we could not find better models to copy from.

A great danger to be found in many riding schools, is that the instructors are military men and consequently apt to teach the novice some, if not all of the ideas of military riding.

This is all very well in its way, but nothing looks worse, either in the hunting field or hacking, than the man with the military style.

Among my friends I know three men who will never look well on a horse, simply because they learned to ride in a military school, and, try as they will, they cannot get out of the way of it. They look like pokers, their bodies being rigid and lacking all grace.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL

By WYMAN ELDER.

I shall call the town Dunford, the actual place to which I refer will be recognised by those who took part in the events I am about to chronicle; to all others it had far better remain unknown.

Dunford is a university town, one of the most famous in the country. It is chiefly dependent upon the money spent in it by the undergraduates, on which account we considered that the townspeople, and their guardians the police, should regard us more as public benefactors than as natural enemies.

That, however, was only our opinion, the townspeople looked on the matter from another point of view. As far as we could judge, they raised no objections to taking our money, but every calamity which befel them they attributed to us. If a thief broke into a shop, if a daylight robber emptied a till, even if a cat disappeared from the house of its owner, we undergraduates were blamed.

Looking at things dispassionately as I am now able to do, I am inclined to think that much of the animosity of Mr. Cropper, the chief constable of the town, must have been stimulated by the unjustified complaints of the inhabitants, so that we should not have attributed the whole of his dislike to us to mere personal spite.

At the same time, in justice to ourselves, I think he disliked us very cordially on his own account.

Be the origin of his antagonism what it may, he made things uncomfortable for us in Dunford. We were fond of walking down the pavement of the High Street three or four abreast and arm in arm. It was not polite of us to thus monopolise the footpath, but any inconvenience which we might have caused to the citizens we considered had been duly made up for in other respects.

Mr. Cropper took a different view.

Consulting some ancient bye-law of the town he discovered that it was forbidden for more than three people to walk abreast in the High Street, and whenever a quartet of us went out for an evening stroll in this manner we were certain to be broken up by some zealous policeman.

I cite this, though it is a little point, because it shows the spirit in which Cropper administered the law.

He harassed us in more important matters also. It was impossible during his rule for an undergraduate to ride a bicycle without a lamp one moment after the legal time. Many of our men were arrested as drunk and disorderly when they had not even been tasting liquor. Even if he saw us looking in at a shop window he would send one of his myrmidons to move us on. You will understand, therefore, that there was no love lost between us.

Things culminated with the arrest of Teddy Ruston, captain of our football team, and one of the most popular men amongst us.

It happened during a Saturday night visit which we made to the theatre. We had beaten a rival club that afternoon, and we were feeling well satisfied with ourselves, and, the play being a musical comedy, we entered with spirit into the singing of every chorus.

I will not say that our singing was like that of a choir, for it showed a tendency to develop from music into shouting, but it could in no wise be construed as a disturbance. The management did not mind, because we had turned out in magnificent force and swelled the takings of the pay-box; the players showed no disappointment, for our joining in the chorus constituted no reflection upon their abilities; but Mr. Cropper minded very much.

Accompanied by a dozen constables, he dropped into the theatre when the fun was at its height and dragged those of us nearest the door out of the building. Teddy Ruston violently objected, and demanded to know by what right the police interfered with us.

"I'll let you know my right," said Cropper, and with that he gave instructions that Teddy should be taken into custody. The local magistrate was under the thumb of the chief constable, and did whatever he was instructed to do, and Teddy was sentenced to a week's imprisonment without the option of a fine.

There was burning indignation throughout every college of the university, and one night twenty of the boldest spirits met in the back parlour of a quiet tavern to discuss some plan by which we might chasten the chief constable. Our deliberations were remarkable for their calmness, for we were in deadly earnest.

About two miles east of the town stands an inn known as the Black Bottle. In the old coaching days, for it stands on the main road, it was extremely prosperous, but since then it has fallen into decay. Most of us knew it very well, for we had refreshed ourselves there on many occasions when driving or cycling in that direction.

What is more to the point we knew the proprietor. He seemed to like us as much as the townspeople disliked us, and I doubt not but that if his tavern had been in the town itself he would have scooped in most of the university trade.

To him a deputation of us went on the following day, and engaged the back room of his inn for the evening.

When night fell we bribed a little boy to carry to the chief constable a letter in which we requested that dignitary to present himself at the Black Bottle without delay. We signed the letter with a fictitious name, and worded it to give the impression that the writer knew the whereabouts of a certain criminal for whom a large reward was being offered. We did not doubt but that the constable would jump at this bait.

Our plans worked without a hitch. The twenty of us waited in the back room of the Black Bottle, and just about closing time we could hear the chief constable speaking in the bar.

The landlord, according to our instructions, showed him into the back parlour. Fortunately for us he had come alone, as in the letter we had requested him to do, and fortunately also the building was a rambling one and the room which we had hired was separated by a passage of some length and by several doors from the public bar, so that what was to transpire was not likely to be heard by outsiders.

I shall never forget the look of astonishment and fear that played on the features of Mr. Cropper as he entered the room.

We had draped the place with black cloth, and fixed to the wall at one end were two gigantic crossbones and a skull. In the skull was fixed a night-light, the rays of which gleamed through the empty sockets and the mouth. We ourselves were attired in black cassocks, with hoods over our heads and black masks on our faces. At one end of the room was a raised platform on which sat one of our number who was to act as judge. Beside him was a block and a headsman's axe.

Cropper paused for a moment in the doorway, as if he thought better of it and meant to draw back; but the men who stood next the door dragged him in and closed it behind him.

We gave him a moment to drink in the full awfulness of his surroundings. Then we began our mock judicial proceedings.

Two stalwart undergraduates seized him by either arm and led him in front of the judge, while the rest of us ranged ourselves on either side of the platform, for we were to act as a jury.

"You are on trial," said the judge, "for making yourself a nuisance to the undergraduates of this town. We accuse you of having harassed us on every possible occasion, and of having in particular arrested one of our number and having him imprisoned without just cause. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

At first Cropper was inclined to rely on bluff, but it must have sunk into even his dull intellect that we were in deadly earnest, and so he answered in a voice shaking with fear: "Not guilty."

A black clothed figure then stepped forward and read from a lengthy scroll accounts of many dozens of different occasions on which the constable had made himself obnoxious.

When the reader had finished the judge asked the constable: "Are these charges correct or not?"

"They are gross lies," replied Cropper, but as a matter of fact each of them was absolutely authentic.

"Two men stand forward," said the judge, and two of us stepped in front of him. "Are these charges true?" he asked us and we replied that they were. "Then," said the judge, "we have the testimony of two honourable men against yours, and we find you guilty. The one question now remaining to be settled is what the sentence of this court shall be."

With that the judge waved to us to close around him, and we held a mock consultation as if we were weighing a matter of the deepest importance.

After a few moments, during which suspense the prisoner must have suffered mental torture, the judge waved us aside, and once more addressed himself to the prisoner.

"Chief Constable Cropper," he said, "this court has found every charge against you to be true, and we shall now pass sentence upon you."

He then picked up from the platform beside him a small square of black cloth and laid it upon his head.

"The sentence of this court," he continued, "is that you be taken to the block and that there your head shall be severed from your body."

Cropper now lost the last scrap of his self-possession. He threw himself upon his knees and with clasped hands pleaded his judge for mercy. He promised that he would leave the town, but the judge waved to the men who held him to take him to the block.

He walked like a man in a nightmare. He showered entreaties of the most abject description upon us collectively and individually, but I need scarcely say that they failed to move us.

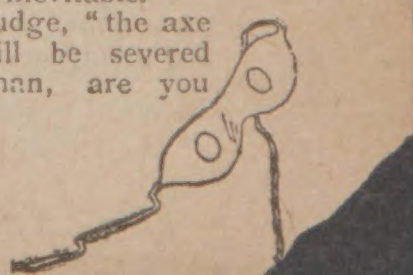
When he faced the block itself, despair seemed to give him momentary strength, for he struggled so hard that four of us were obliged to tackle him before we could get him on his knees in front of it and force his neck into the right position.

Once having got him down we bound his arms round the block, so that no endeavour on his part could remove his neck from the groove designed for its reception.

While we were placing his head on the correct spot we took care that he should see the axe which the brawniest man amongst us was slowly lifting above him.

Those of us who watched the prisoner closely noticed that his struggles had now ceased, and he knelt there absolutely inert, having resigned himself, as we supposed, to the inevitable.

"When I say three," said the judge, "the axe will descend and your head will be severed from your vile body. Headsman, are you



ready to do your duty?"

A gruff voice answered, "Yes."

"Then, prisoner," said the judge, "prepare yourself. One! Two! Three!"

As the last word left the lips of the judge one of us who had been standing prepared, brought a wet towel sharply across the neck of the unhappy Cropper.

That we intended to be the end of our farce, and we calculated that by the time he reached this development of the proceedings the constable would be so thoroughly frightened that he would leave us in peace for the future. We therefore proceeded to cut the cords that bound him to the block. When we had done so we prepared to assist him to his feet—but discovered that he was dead.

I am not likely ever to forget the horror which came down upon us at that moment.

One of us, flinging off his black trappings, immediately procured brandy from the bar, but no such stimulant could revive the unfortunate constable who lay stretched at our feet. There were men with medical knowledge amongst us, and every test that they could apply proved the constable to be dead, the cause of the disaster being heart failure owing to fright.

Some suggested that we should march in a body to the police station and give ourselves up, but we were young, and life was sweet. We argued that his death was to some extent a matter of accident, and that, though we were responsible for it, we were not guilty of absolute murder; so, wrapping the body in one of the black cassocks, we left with it by a back door, carried it down to the river and dropped it in.

The mysterious disappearance of the chief constable was the principal topic of conversation in the town next day.

The wildest rumours were afloat till his body was found some miles down stream. There were no marks of violence upon it, and it was presumed that he had committed suicide, a suggestion that seemed the more probable because, as evidence at the inquest showed, he had been at the time in serious financial difficulties.

What effect the events of that dreadful night had upon my companions I know but vaguely.

One man as a penance relinquished certain estates which were to be his, and devoted himself to slum work in the East-End of London. The man who actually used the wet towel (although I verily believe Cropper was dead before this struck him) disappeared from our ken completely, and there were rumours that he had committed suicide.

For my own part, I know the tortures of remorse that I have endured and the voluntary penance which I have undergone in the endeavour to bring back my peace of mind.

SHABBINESS AND SIN.

"If a circular is well printed on costly paper," said a judge the other day, "the public will believe it every time."

He was referring to a case in which a couple of rogues had gulled the investing public into absurd deals on the Stock Exchange. Had their circulars, however cleverly worded, lacked the appearance of being expensively produced, the public would probably not have nibbled. It is only human to judge by appearances, and we shall continue to go by them to the end.

There is a shabby old man who travels every morning to London in a first-class carriage. He has a season ticket, and is very wealthy, shabbiness in dress being one of his whims. When the train draws up at Vauxhall for the tickets to be collected, there takes place a little comedy. With the utmost composure he says "Season," or just nods his head, but the collector shakes his, and demands to see the ticket.

The old boy enjoys it all, and fumbles about, pretending he has lost it or left it at home, while the collector looks black and feels sure he has caught a culprit. Presently the ticket is produced and everybody smiles, except the collector. That shabbiness is compatible with honesty is a fact unknown to him.

Men may be read as well as books.—POPE.

The pawnbroker's assistant—I'm sure that is his calling—gets into my carriage every morning. His suit has obviously been dry-cleaned, and the cut does not quite seem to have been suggested by the figure of the present wearer; but what he lacks in the matter of tailoring he makes up for in jewellery. Sleeve links, watch chain, tie pin are all crudely visible, and his diamond ring is the more noticeable because the finger which it adorns is not very clean, and is actually in mourning at the tip.

The sporting passenger is a nuisance to everybody. "I had three to one on." "That was a lucky fluke just when I needed it."

Such expressions and the word "game" constantly catch your ear as you endeavour to concentrate your attention upon your newspaper.

The callow youth is another unbearable. I have several in mind, but one in particular; his name I do not know, but he is appropriately addressed by his friends as "Baby." He has plump cheeks on which there is not a line either of worry or intelligence. Fairly well dressed, he has every confidence in himself, and chatters inanely throughout the journey.

I have never heard him yet speak of business, his favourite subjects being allusions to going out to dinner, sly references to well-known but perfectly respectable actresses, and complaints about the trouble it is to get into evening dress every night. In time "Baby" will become subdued. Ridicule will eliminate most of his crudities, but I doubt whether he will ever be a man.

I do not know whether the majority of London detectives live near Clapham Junction, but I have often been struck by the number of them that enter the London bound trains at that station. They are unmistakable.

Young men, chiefly between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, they are too muscular to be ordinary City workers. They retain a liking for the navy blue that they once wore as policemen. Inevitably their heads are adorned by bowlers. They have a double collar and a dark tie. I have never yet seen one with a walking stick, nor do I recollect that they wear gloves. They sit very primly, with their backs very straight as if some one had called "Attention!"

I do not think they can be very profitable to the newspaper proprietors, for they never read, but sit glancing furtively at their fellow passengers and turning their gaze clumsily towards the window if you happen to catch their eyes.

For all I know there may be dashing detectives such as one reads of in stories who pose as anything from a bargee to a Piccadilly lounger, but these if they exist are not of the rank and file of this profession.

Pretence in all its varieties of foolishness one inevitably meets in the railway carriage. There is the young man who occupies an unimportant position in a City office. He has been given some papers to copy out at home and these he unfolds on his knee and examines most thoughtfully, poring over them with wrinkled brow, his head resting upon his forefinger, as if he were a barrister on whose skill the life of a client depended. He himself is the only person who is really deceived. WM. THOMPSON.

THE CULT OF CHEAPNESS.

AGAINST.

In a certain restaurant which I sometimes patronise for afternoon tea, they sell two kinds of Madeira cake. The "portions," as they call the pieces which they give you, are of equal size, but one costs a penny and the other twopence.

Out of curiosity I once had a sample of each analysed, and discovered that there was rather more than twice the amount of nourishment in the twopenny piece, so that it was really the cheaper.

The same thing holds in other matters. Take a suit of clothes. If you buy a cheap suit it loses shape and colour within six months; if you pay about half as much again, it will last more than twice as long, keeping its shape all the time, besides looking better from the outset.

So also with boots. Within reasonable limits, the more you pay the better value you get.

I was once foolish enough to invest in a cheap bicycle. It cost me five guineas—at the time of purchase, that is, for I have spent £5 more on repairs, which would not have been required in the case of an eight guinea machine.

My love of cheapness was still uncured when I invested in a ten-and-sixpenny watch.

I have heard it said that the watchmakers have no direct profit on cheap timepieces, but count upon reimbursing themselves by the repairs which they know too well are absolutely necessary.

I have spent many times the price of that watch in keeping it in working order, and I have lost some money and probably a few friends by failing to keep appointments because the watch was inaccurate.

Experience therefore shows me that the most economical method of getting through life is to invest in the best quality of everything, without of course indulging the vanity of paying fancy prices. D. SIMES.

FOR.

Many years ago I smoked Turkish cigarettes, but in time I became alarmed at the magnitude of my tobacco bill, and substituted for them Virginian.

The price I pay for the latter kind is about half what I paid for the others, but I find them less injurious to my health and equally satisfying.

Occasionally I smoke a pipe and my taste now runs to navy cut, costing fourpence-halfpenny an ounce; and it is absolutely pure, unlike some of the more expensive mixtures, which are sometimes adulterated and drugged.

The same holds with wines.

My taste at one time ran to the more expensive vintages, but I am now satisfied with the cheaper sort of claret which I find is pleasing and wholesome.

At one time I paid fancy prices for dogs, but eventually learnt that the highly bred dog was unintelligent and in most cases unlovable. My present pet is a mongrel which is worth nothing, but he is in all other respects exactly what a dog should be.

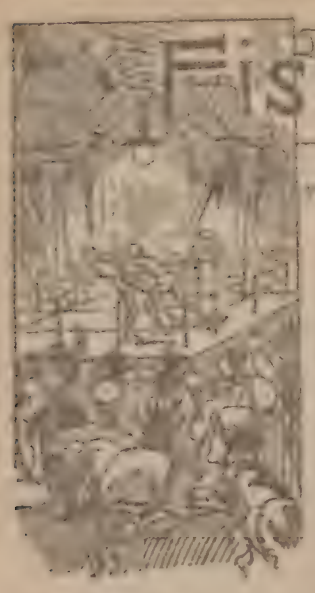
I once had a gold-mounted umbrella, but lost it within a week of the purchase. The umbrella I have now cost me three-and-ninepence, and it sticks to me closer than a brother. I have had it re-covered many times, sometimes in cotton, sometimes in silk, but the obvious poverty of its handle gives it perfect security.

It is the same with more serious matters. I once had a solid gold watch-chain stolen from me in a crowd. I now wear one which is only plated, for a plated chain on the vest is worth two solid gold chains at the fence's.

In business matters I believe strongly in cheapness. The cheap firm is generally a newly established one and is consequently anxious to do its best for all its customers.

The dear firms are mostly old and proud. "Take us or leave us," they say; "we can do without your business." They are disobliging and they don't keep to time. Besides, every penny you can save counts. R. GRAVES.

FISTS IN THE MINE.



Fight on, my merry men, whilst . . .
—CHEVY CHASE.

Along the road a crowd of men are tramping. In the forefront is a group of a dozen or so, each whispering excitedly to a man in their midst.

Then come a hundred more, in twos and threes, and behind them another group similar to the first.

Here and there the blaze of a blast furnace pierces the darkness, and the slag heaps smoulder and stink by the roadside, but the men plod on, unobservant, and unthinking of all but the battle that is at hand.

The honour of two districts is at stake, the home folk anxious to retain the prestige they have won, and the men of the neighbouring village eager to wrest it from them.

The home champion is short, dark and sturdy—Jim Thompson is his name, as you gather from the frequent repetition of the words by his partisans. His challenger is Bill Drummond, fair-haired, taller than his adversary, but not so stout.

NATURE'S GLOVES.

Both men are miners, both are under twenty-five, though their work makes them look a year or two more. To-night they are to fight it out with bare knuckles.

This form of combat has been prohibited by a misguided law, so every precaution must be taken to avoid interruption, and it has been arranged that the contest shall take place in the mine itself, that the question of local honour shall be settled in the bowels of the earth.

When they reach the shaft there is no trouble with the watchman, for he is as keen on the impending battle as any of the younger men, and he has agreed to lend his help, though by doing so he is risking his bread and butter. Batch by batch the men are lowered to the bottom of the shaft, and grope along a passage till they come to the place of battle.

This is a chamber of considerable size, for that part of the mine has been worked out on the long-wall system, and the rubbish has all been cleared away, though the timber props have not yet been removed.

The place shines weirdly under a blaze of light, for the electrician is in the secret, and has requisitioned every available lamp. In one part, where the light is brightest, a square of regulation size has been roped off, and round this the spectators gather.

The fighters are a little way off, one at either side of the gallery, and as they strip they are listening to the final words of advice and encouragement which their intimate friends shower upon them.

CLOSED IN BATTLE.

Presently the last of the spectators arrive, and the men step through the ropes. Thompson, the home man, has a face of set determination, but there is just a trace of anxiety. His challenger appears to be full of confidence, and is smiling.

There is no money stake to be fought for, but the desire for victory is none the less for that. The reward will be greater than money can buy—the silent admiration of the victor's fellow workers and the warmest corner of the women's hearts.

Though the combatants have no mercenary motives, betting is going on freely among the other men. Some have staked all their worldly wealth upon the issue, some their guns and their whippets.

There is no waiting for the gloves to be tied on, for the fists are to be unprotected.

Time!

They are at it.

Thompson, the stouter man, sees that his opportunity lies in knocking out his antagonist in the shortest possible time, for he has taken his man's measure and guesses rightly that he will not equal him in agility. Drummond knows it too, and is trusting to wear his man out.

The first blood!

The hard-set faces of the spectators relax as Thompson's knuckles rap smartly on his opponent's eyebrow, and a trickle of red appears. The tension of the watchers is past, for now the men are fighting. The heavier man follows up his advantage, and presses the other against the ropes, but Drummond slips free, catching him neatly on the ribs as he does so.

Time!

REFRESHING THE FIGHTERS.

Each man retires to his corner, and the seconds begin their work. There are no fans, nor perfume mixed with water, to refresh the fighters. A towel and a bottle is the sole outfit of each second. Taking a mouthful of water, he belches it forth over the head and neck of his man, and then dabs him lightly with the towel, finally stretching it between his hands and waving it up and down before his principal's face.

Time!

Once more they are at it. The blow Drummond received has made him less nimble on his feet, a fact which the other notices. The policy of waiting will not serve, so now both men fight their hardest, and the eyes of the watchers sparkle with delight.

The men are both born fighters, and now they are showing all that is in them. The fists flash out, and from time to time there comes the smash of bone on flesh. Both are being punished severely, but both can take punishment.

Time!

BRUISED BUT BRAVE.

And so it goes on till twelve hard rounds have been fought. Then comes the last.

The bare chests and arms of the fighters have blood upon them, and their faces are not good to look at. They are well matched, these two, and the issue is still doubtful.

Thompson is plugging away with renewed faith in himself, for his first happy hit has equalised the matter of agility, and he has weight on his side.

Then comes the crucial moment. He lunges at Drummond with his right, but the latter ducks and counters with a crashing uppercut on the tip of the chin.

Down goes the heavy-weight. They drag him to his corner, but when the minute elapses he is still unconscious.

The fight is lost and won. The challenger is champion.

FORGOTTEN.

The silence that has reigned yields to a babel of voices. Men crowd upon the victor and grip him by the hand, in spite of the smarting of his bruised knuckles.

The vanquished? A couple of friends see to him.

And so up the shaft into the star-lit night again pass the miners, one thinking of the glory that is past, one of the laurels newly won, the rest of the sport they have seen and of their financial losses or gains.

And next day the mine will hum with the rattle of trolleys, and be dim with the fine, black dust, just as if there had never been such an event as this midnight meeting.

WILLIAM GRAZIER.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is at all times happy to consider suitable articles and stories; they must have go and dash about them—the type used in the old-fashioned weeklies is of no use for THE MODERN MAN.

An offer is promptly made for approved contributions, and on acceptance of this by the author, payment is forwarded immediately.

No manuscript can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed; the Editor accepts no responsibility for accidental loss.

Address all manuscripts to The Editor, THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

THE WORTH OF WEEK-ENDS.

WHAT ABOUT NEXT SATURDAY?

It seems to me that we work for two main objects: first to obtain the bare necessaries of life and secondly to secure a few of its luxuries.

Amongst the latter I give the week-end a prominent place. It is specially sweet because it is sandwiched in between spells of solid work. It is a holiday in miniature, and should, to be right, have a completeness of its own.

An important point is to plan things so that you get a train immediately after you break off work at one on Saturday, and another to bring you back early on Monday morning.

If you have to return on Sunday night you lose the benefit of having an unbroken day of freedom and change.

If you are cycling or walking, the train arrangements will not worry you, but you should always see to it that the place you are making for is fairly well served by rail, so that in the event of a particularly bad puncture or a blistered heel you may take the train home.

I shall not readily forget a certain week-end which taught me the little precaution I have mentioned. Determined to leave the beaten track, I cycled from the town where I was working to a village fifty miles away. There was no service of trains to this place, so that I was wholly dependent on my bike.

It was my intention to cycle home on the Sunday evening, as it would have meant very early rising to do it on the Monday morning, at least to get one home before nine. But, as luck would have it, the wind got up till it blew a gale, and I had to pedal dead against it. More than once it brought me to a standstill, and my lamp was constantly blown out.

Then came the climax. Taking advantage of a hill I was making what speed I could when I tore my back tyre on a bed of flints which some benign road-mender had spread there. A roadside repair was impossible, so there was nothing for it but walk, in spite of storm and darkness.

I got back in time for a wash and change before work on Monday morning, but I never felt more tired in my life than I did that day. If there had been a railway near, I should, of course, have been all right.

Regarding luggage, the less you take the happier you will be. Don't travel in a new suit, because the trains and the roads spoil it. Don't forget to take a clean collar in addition to the one you wear.

The choice of the place at which the week-end is to be spent must depend on the temperament of the man concerned. If you want plenty of fun you should try a hydro. There you will always meet a bright set of people, even in the winter months, and you can be sure of a dance and concert on the Saturday night and some of the harmless, croquet type of games on the Sunday. Your week-end at a hydro will cost you from half-a-guinea to twice that sum.

If, however, you want quietness, and it makes a better change from the bustle of the town, you should try a farmhouse. Insert an advertisement in the paper which circulates in the district you select, and state your requirements very plainly. Let them name terms.

From the replies you can form some idea of your correspondents. Answer those you think promising, and ask for fuller details on any point where this may seem necessary.

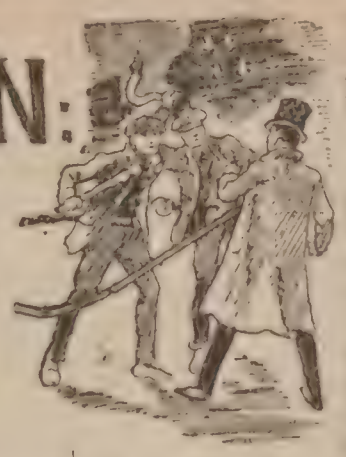
The farmhouse week-end is one of the best and cheapest. Saturday to Monday generally means about five shillings or a little over, and this includes a comfortable room and the best of grub. Fishing or rabbit-hunting can be had free of cost, unless the farmer has sub-let his ground-game rights.

At a farmhouse you are a paying guest in the truest sense of the word. The average farmer does not want a lodger, but he does want company; and someone from the town is his preference, because of the contrast with himself. That is why the week-end prices at farmhouses are so low.

It brightens the week's work when you have a holiday of this kind to look forward to, and it needn't cost much. Try it. F. N. DAVIDSON.

LONDON: HELL

V. MEN-WOLVES.



Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.—
JOHNSON.

The criminal is much given to specialisation. The man who runs an advertising swindle is generally a flabby person who trembles if a dupe so much as threatens violence; he has not the slightest objection to robbing widows of their last shilling, but he would not dream of lifting his hand in violence to anyone. On the other hand we have men ready to commit the most brutal crimes for the most insignificant profit.

These are the wolves of the human race.

You cannot say in their case that here is intellect perverted. Brains they have none, or they would not take the disproportionate risks they do. It is because of such as they that we allow the death penalty to survive.

THE EARNING OF WAGES.

There is a little public-house in Lambeth where you will find of an evening men who for a few shillings will commit a violent assault upon any person named, or kill them outright for a sovereign.

I have drunk beer with these men and endeavoured to draw them into conversation, but it was absolutely impossible to do so. They were incapable even of the slight mental effort required in common every-day chat.

One of these men you may identify from my description, if you ever happen to light upon this particular tavern—I am not going to name it. He is a man with a bull neck and an enormously wide jaw, and if you see him with his hat off you will observe that his head comes almost to a point at the top. His skin is a reddish blue with over-drinking, and the left side of his upper lip has at one time been cut and stitched, for it is now contracted so that even when he is not speaking some of his teeth show. Whether due to the same accident or fight I know not, but his nose has also been badly smashed and as badly set, for it is turned round towards this scar on his lip. This man murdered a police spy about two years ago.

THE MEANEST SERVANT OF JUSTICE.

It happened in this way.

A man who had financed many burglaries and organised a small but clever gang, discovered that the movements of his confederates were being betrayed to the police. When his men went to break into a house they were all but certain to be arrested, and presently he hit upon the particular man who was giving the game away.

This master rogue had some sense of justice, and before he decided on action he made inquiries conclusively proving that the man he suspected was the traitor. He had no desire to risk his neck by removing this man himself, and it is believed that his various confederates refused to do the thing for him.

Certain it is that he came to the little tavern in Lambeth, and there paid five golden sovereigns to the man with the perpetual snarl; the police found their spy next morning lying on a wharf in Battersea with his skull smashed in.

There is a small general shop in a quiet street in Hoxton, and the last time I passed that way I went in and bought a packet of cigarettes from the old lady behind the counter.

I asked her if she had been there long, and she told me that she had only had the business for a week and had paid £10 for it. I asked her if the previous tenancy had been a long one, and she answered that her predecessor had had the business for just six months. Beyond this she knew nothing of the shop or its history, and I did not enlighten her.

I am afraid it would not have added to the old dame's peace of mind had she known that three years ago a gagging outrage was committed on the very spot where she stood when she handed me my cigarettes.

The woman who then kept the shop was found behind the counter with a duster tied over her mouth, so that not only did it prevent her cries but smothered her altogether; and this brutal murder had been committed by two men for 15s. which they found in her till. After their conviction they admitted that this was all they got, and added that they had not expected to find more

OVER THE MORNING DRINK.

Let me take you to a saloon bar in Oxford Street. It is an eminently respectable place, and there many a hard-working business man takes his mid-day chop and his glass of beer.

It is not a fashionable tavern, and it retains much of the quiet charm which it probably possessed to an even greater extent a hundred years ago.

In this bar there was recently committed a crime which, though it had not a fatal termination, gives one some idea of the men-wolves of London.

A man who was a member of a certain gang had in some way offended his associates, and one morning while he was drinking in this tavern another of the men came in, drew a revolver from his hip pocket and aimed it straight at his enemy.

The latter, seeing his danger, calmly clutched an innocent bystander and wheeled him round till he stood between himself and the weapon. The criminal thus saved himself from the bullet, but it buried itself in the shoulder of his human shield.

HELPED TO ESCAPE.

The publican, an ex-soldier and a man of gigantic stature, was just entering the bar at the time, for he had been outside to fix the day's menu in its brass case at the door. He saw who had fired the shot, for the would-be murderer still held the smoking revolver in his hand, but the publican made no attempt to stop him from leaving, although he could easily have done so. He even went so far as to step aside, allow the man to pass and then blocked the doorway so that he could not be followed. Some men in the bar were already attending to the man who had been shot, and by and by the publican called in a policeman who happened to be passing.

The victim was moved to a hospital, the bullet was extracted and he finally recovered, but the man who fired the shot was never found.

It was some months after the occurrence that I had the true story from the lips of the publican himself, and I did not hesitate to give him my opinion of his conduct in the matter.

"My dear fellow," he said, "if I had held that man, as I could easily have done, my life would not have been worth a moment's purchase. The first time I went out for a walk I should have been sand-bagged. If the police could offer their informants full protection there would be fewer unsolved mysteries than there are."

The other day I met in Regent Street a woman whom I had not seen for five years. She was still good-looking, but nothing to what she once was, for in her day she was regarded as one of the finest women in London. When I saw her recently she was very well dressed, and was rubbing shoulders with sedate and respectable dames from the suburbs who had come in to do their shopping. The last time I had seen her she had stood in the dock of the Old Bailey, white-faced, with tears rolling down her cheeks, protesting her innocence and assuring the judge and jury that she had been but the instrument of the male accomplice who stood beside her.

Gorgeously rigged out, it had been her custom to allure wealthy men to her house, where they were robbed by the foreigner who passed as her husband. Had he contented himself with robbery he might have preyed upon his fellow sinners for years, as many of these parasites do; but it happened that one of his victims offered a strenuous resistance, and the man drew a dagger and stabbed him.

WHAT WOULD THEY HAVE THOUGHT?

The evidence connecting this man with the murder was purely circumstantial, and his friends rallied round him and endeavoured to prove an alibi. They did not succeed in convincing the jury of his innocence, but they shook their judgment sufficiently to have him recommended to mercy, and he was finally sentenced to penal servitude for life, the woman escaping with five years.

I wonder what would have been the feelings of those shoppers if they had known who stood beside them!

You may recall the case of the man Bourdin who was blown to pieces by a bomb in Greenwich Park. He was an anarchist and a turncoat, and had supplied the police with certain information concerning an anarchist club in Soho which they intended to raid.

INNOCENT LIVES IN PERIL.

Somehow his fellow criminals discovered his treachery, and requested him to carry a bomb to Greenwich Park and bury it there. He travelled to Greenwich by tram, sitting side by side with simple, unsuspecting folks returning from their day's work. Had the internal arrangements of the bomb acted too soon, that tramcar and its occupants would have been blown to bits. As it was, the traitor reached Greenwich Park before it exploded, and he alone was killed, which was exactly what the others wanted to happen.

There are nearly four thousand anarchists known to the police in London. How often the lives of unsuspecting citizens are in jeopardy through their plots against each other, who shall say?

One of the most disquieting facts connected with crimes of violence is the existence of homicidal maniacs. At one time I lodged in a street near South Kensington station, and morning after morning I used to see an old gentleman leave a house two doors from mine.

MINDS UNHINGED.

It was not difficult to understand that his mind was weak. He bobbed his head from side to side, jerked his shoulders, and did other things which sane people are not in the habit of doing.

One night I saw a police inspector call at his house, and the following morning the little old gentleman did not appear. I discovered subsequently that he had a private income, but imagined that he was engaged in gigantic operations on the Stock Exchange. He used to come down to the Exchange each morning, gaze at the statue of the Duke of Wellington for inspiration, walk round the building several times, and then set off to find the foreign millionaire whom he regarded as his great business enemy.

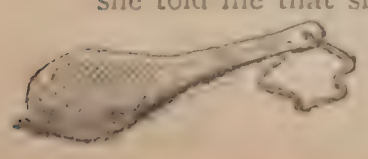
He imagined that he had discovered the financier who was upsetting his operations when he met a certain waiter in a restaurant near the National Gallery, and without saying a word he whipped out a revolver and shot his supposed enemy.

His relatives admitted that they had long known him to be mad, and were asked why they had not put him under restraint. Their reply was that he had not so far murdered anybody.

Now he is in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, but there are others in the streets of London whose homicidal mania has yet to be proved.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]



WILL POWER

The will to do, the soul to dare.
—SCOTT.

Will power is one of the many things on which the advertising quacks have laid hands, and the sole result of their labours has been a transference of money from the pockets of their dupes to their own.

They mostly begin their nonsensical "lessons" by representing Napoleon as the finest example of will power. Nothing could be further from the scientific truth.

Napoleon had a lust for power which brought him unhappiness throughout his life, and he may best be likened to the man who will walk six miles, though he hates walking, in order to get a drink of beer. Neither of these is the possessor of strong will power, for his action is but the result of powerful impulse, and impulse and will are directly opposed.

The man with the strong will is he who can deny himself the gratification of a momentary pleasure in order to obtain some greater and more permanent benefit in the future.

FOOLISH SYSTEMS.

People who want strong wills do all sorts of foolish things to get them. They will jump out of bed in the middle of the night and take a cycle run, not because they want to, but because they are conquering the sensible impulse of finishing the night's rest. They suppose that the conquering of every impulse means a strengthening of will power. It is not so.

In directing your efforts towards the improvement of the will you must never lose sight of the object in view. If you merely accustom yourself to doing unpleasant things you are qualifying as a first-class eccentric; you are exactly like a lunatic, doing work (which is scientifically defined as something done against resistance) with no rational object in view.

Take, as another instance, the man who smokes a few cigarettes each day, and who in case the habit should grow upon him, forces himself to give up smoking every seventh day. He is merely making that day a day of unpleasantness, even of torture, and he is not accomplishing any good.

The man, on the other hand, who is smoking so much that he is injuring his health, and who by the exercise of will power reduces the amount of his tobacco by half, is doing a sensible and a sane thing.

In training your will, decide at the outset what you want to accomplish, and keep the idea in mind.

COMBATING WEAKNESS.

Perhaps your besetting sin is sluggardliness, and you determine to go through your work more briskly than heretofore. Consequently you run up the office stairs instead of walking up, and you open your desk in a second instead of a minute.

There you are exercising your will power over trivialities, and by your undue haste, and the exhaustion that follows it, you are making yourself less fit to combat the slackness you suffer from.

In saving time you should endeavour to fight the impulse to rest. After you have done work, there comes a strong desire to slack off; resist it, and buckle to again. To do that you force your will to overcome your temporary inclination, and consequently you strengthen your will in the right way and in the right direction.

It must be remembered that there is a negative side to will. We have the will to do, and we have also the will not to do.

We are met by a foot-pad, and we feel the impulse to run, but we conquer that impulse, and thus increase our own opinion of ourselves and our friends' opinion.

In this case we compel ourselves negatively when we forbid ourselves to run. A positive exercise of the will probably follows in forcing ourselves to fight the robber.

I mention this case as illustrative of the two sides of this interesting mental phenomenon, and the student who is training his will must endeavour not only to make himself do beneficial things, but must compel himself also to cease doing things that would be detrimental.

The training of the will must be done on logical lines. If your will is weak it means that you are liable to seize upon a slight present benefit instead of denying yourself in order to secure some greater one in the future. The way to resist the temptation of clutching at the present pleasure is to consider in all its bearings the great benefit that you are going to secure by self-denial. This gives you a sufficient motive for the resistance of mere impulse, and if you have convinced yourself that the future benefit is by far the better, then the pain of denying yourself the pleasure of the moment will be slight.

OTHERS DON'T OBEY YOUR WILL.

As I have already pointed out, you must make quite certain first that the future benefit is likely to be worth having; self-denial for nothing is a waste of energy.

Here then you have the chief method of increasing will power. You simply bring your intelligence to bear on the matter, and realise that if you take too much beer you will have a sore head next morning. For the sake of sound health on the following day, you deny yourself the immediate pleasure. You will not make this denial unless you think of that sore head, and unless there were some such reason, why should you?

Will power has its limitations. You control yourself and your own actions by your will; but you cannot control other people in that way.

You intimate your wishes to somebody, and your wishes are carried out, but the motive of the person in this case is not obedience to your will, but either affection for you or fear of what you may do in the event of disobedience.

There is nothing magical about will power. If you sit down and will that Mr. Carnegie shall send you £1,000, you are wasting time. You might just as well will that the moon should come down to give you a light for your cigarette. Mr. Carnegie is entirely outside your range of mental activity, and you might will till you were blue in the face, but the £1,000 would not be forthcoming.

AUTO-SUGGESTION.

It is yourself that you can control by your will power and not other people, but the extent of this self-control is seldom appreciated.

Practically every sphere of activity, mental and physical, is dominated by the will. Laziness, lack of application, cowardice and duplicity can quickly be combated by the will, so also can every bad habit that has a mental reference, and so can the physical health so far as it applies to the nervous system.

The method for the accomplishment of these desirable objects is auto-suggestion. Make up your mind just before sleeping that on the following day you will be alert and will feel fit.

Let this thought dominate your mind till unconsciousness occurs. The effect on your brain will resemble that of slight hypnosis, and on the following day you will find that you are actually feeling fit and alert.

In the same way you may form a strong mental impression that your mind is going to become more acute and your reasoning powers better; the result will be good according to whether you concentrated your mind sufficiently when making the suggestion.

In these ways, and in these ways only, can the will power be made to affect your destiny for the better.

You turn it upon yourself and your impulses, and not upon other people. You calmly analyse your character at the outset, finding the faults that are militating against you, and conquering each by means of will power. C. WOLFF, B.A.

HANG THAT BICYCLE!

SOME HINTS ON CYCLE STORING.

For those who have no shed in the back garden, and who are obliged to keep their bicycle in the house, the problem of where to put it is one of grave difficulty.

In a living room it is too much in the way. It is a dirty sort of thing to have in a bedroom, and moreover it would be too much trouble to take it up and down stairs. So the bicycle is relegated to the passage where its pedals have a playful habit of barking the shins of all members of the household.

If the passage is of fair height you would be well advised to have a couple of wooden brackets constructed and fixed against the wall not far from the roof. By standing on a chair you should just be able to place the top bar of your bicycle frame over them.

It is advisable to have a small block of wood fixed at the end of each bracket, so that there will be no danger of the bicycle toppling off and possibly killing someone underneath. Slung in this manner, the bicycle will be out of the way, and will yet be within reach when you want to ride it.

Raising the bicycle by standing on a chair is a simple matter, but, if it does not strike your fancy, you may sling the bicycle up by means of a rope and pulley, the pulley being fixed to the roof of the passage, one end of the rope being hitched round a hook near the floor, and the other attached to the top bar of the cycle frame.

If the passage is low roofed, the bicycle would be more dangerous slung up in the way described than if left standing on the ground. If there is not space enough for it to be raised above the level of your head, you should fix two pulleys on the roof; then by using two ropes, one fixed to the top bar of the frame and the other hitched somewhere about the bracket, you can raise the bicycle horizontally, so that instead of hanging against the wall it will lie flat against the roof. The chief objection to this method of hanging is that the fumes of gas are bad for the tyres, and close to the roof the rubber will suffer from the full force of them.

So much for the indoor storage of a cycle. For those who are the happy possessors of a back garden there need be little trouble in this matter. I am supposing, of course, that you are not the lucky possessor of a convenient shed.

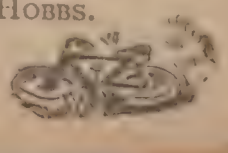
Many useless bicycle sheds have been placed upon the market. For the most part they are unsightly and are constructed to hold about half-a-dozen machines instead of one. The construction of a suitable shed is such a simple matter that you ought to be able to carry it through without expert assistance.

Build a box-shaped structure about six feet long, two feet wide and four feet high. Matchboarding will be strong enough for the purpose. Have the roof sloping to the front and overlapping sufficiently to carry off the rain.

I have seen a very decent shed made from old sugar boxes. If you use short boards of this description, press in putty where they join, and paint them well.

The whole front may open as a door, being hinged either at the top or bottom according to your fancy, or you can make one of the ends a door. Paint the wood several times, and bore a hole or two at the bottom and near the roof to enable the air to circulate and keep the interior dry. Do not have your shed resting on the earth, but place it about four inches up on a couple of stout pieces of wood. Inside the shelter have a couple of short brackets, so that you may hang your cycle up. It is much better that the tyres should not have the weight of the machine resting upon them.

Before putting a cycle away for the winter see that all the bright parts are well covered with grease, and the bearings thoroughly oiled. Your machine will then be undamaged even if the ventilation of the shed is imperfect and allows moisture to hang about. M. HOBBS.



A WILD NIGHT

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. W. BURNETT.

When I reached the house I discovered that my friends had already dined. They asked me whether I had done so, and I was foolish enough to say I had.

Now to begin with it was a very wrong thing for me to tell a lie, but it is a fault to which I am rather addicted when courtesy seems to demand it.

I had come down by the dining-car express, and they knew it was probable I had already grubbed. I should, of course, have done so had I been a better traveller, but like many another I am a victim to what might be called railway sickness, and so I had eaten nothing during the journey. To have told the truth would have meant that a sumptuous meal would have been prepared for my single delectation, and I did not relish the idea of putting them to so much trouble, besides which I supposed that there might be supper forthcoming towards nine or ten o'clock.

Foolish thought. Calton Towers was essentially a country house, and their plans were of the country. They dined at eight and went to bed before eleven, so there was little call for supper in the ordinary course of events.

It being supposed that my inner man had been satisfied, I joined the other men in the billiard-room and played a game or two, after which I drifted into an argument concerning the merits of golf.

Now golf has always been my pet aversion. I think it is the only game I had never played—except, of course, croquet. Why I should have had this prejudice against golf it is difficult to say, but I regarded it as a game for old men, and I felt that I, being still in my twenties, did not come under that category.

So I headed the side of the non-golfers, and Plumstead was chief spokesman of the other party who championed the game.

I shall not repeat the brilliant arguments which I used against the pastime nor the foolish ones which he gave for it; suffice it to say that golf appeared to be a popular thing with the party then at Calton Towers, and Plumstead even had the audacity to assure me that I should have a very dull time if I did not start golfing, for he said all the nicest girls then at the house were devotees of the game.

I assured him that such a thing was impossible, and then he dropped argument and descended to entreaty.

"Look here," he said, "I'm certain that with your ability at cricket and tennis you would make an uncommonly good golfer, and I only wish you'd practise and make up a foursome against the doctor, the parson, the banker and a retired colonel who are coming here to play us a week hence. Between you and me," he added, "hardly any of the fellows here know how to play golf, and I am perfectly sure that with a week's practice you would make a very efficient player, if not the best we've got."

I do not remember what I said in reply to this, for my attention was now centering on the clock, but I recollect that I remained adamant to his entreaties and arguments alike.

It was now past nine, and I felt within me an aching void which was making itself extremely assertive. At half-past nine I took up the cue again, and at ten I was once more smoking beside the fire, but there was still no sign of supper.

Then a comforting thought occurred to me; possibly they might have adopted the habit of serving supper in the bedrooms, and, hoping that such might be the case, I said good-night to Charley Overton, my host, and retired to bed.

Alas and alack, there was no comfortable tray, not a sign of a biscuit nor even of a glass of milk. I drank the contents of the water bottle and, calming the pains of hunger with this cold comfort, I crept beneath the bed clothes and presently fell asleep.

It was the middle of the night when I awoke. I had felt hungry in the evening; now I felt ravenous. I pulled my watch from beneath the pillow, struck a match, and discovered it was one o'clock. Breakfast was at nine, and thus I would have eight solid hours to pass in a state of semi-starvation. If I had felt reasonably sure of sleeping I would have tried to do so, but I seemed to have read somewhere that sleep on an empty stomach was well nigh impossible, and so I cast about finding some means by which I might allay my hunger.

I had read of Arctic explorers eating their boots, but I had put mine out on the mat, and by this time they were probably in some remote cellar or kitchen. I thought of devouring my braces, a pair that my aunt had worked for me, but they seemed too uninviting. I smoked a cigarette, but even that did not allay the craving pains.

Then I bethought me of a biscuit box which I had observed on the dining-room sideboard. If I could but reach it in safety and secure some nourishment from it, I might pass the rest of the night in peace.

Slipping on my socks, I stealthily opened my bedroom door, passed along the corridor and began to descend the stairs. The house was deadly still and every board seemed to creak beneath my feet, but at length I reached the dining-room, crept over to the biscuit box, lifted the lid, and discovered to my joy that it was almost full to the top with biscuits.

I ate one then and there and grasped as many as I could carry in each hand.

My adventure so far had been perfectly successful, and, if I had not been the unhappy possessor of a poetic instinct, it would probably have been carried through without mishap.

As I passed the dining-room window a trailing branch of creeper tapped gently against the glass, and I looked out. The night was beautifully calm and starlit, and I could imagine the delicious, frosty perfume of the air, after the smoky atmosphere of the city I had that day left. I must have one breath of it.

I lifted the bar which held the casement in place, and pushed it gently outwards.

Hardly had I done so when the most terrific clatter arose from every part of the house. As far as I could judge, an electric bell was ringing in every room, and outside in the hall two large gongs were being pounded by mechanical hammers.

A friend of mine, who is employed in a shipbuilding yard, once showed me over his premises, and the noise that greeted my ears on this occasion resembled almost exactly that which I heard then.

I had, I suppose, in opening the window set a burglar alarm in motion. Anyhow every occupant of the house must now be awake, and the probability was that I should be observed before I could return to my room.

Remember, dear reader, that I was clad only in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, and that there were ladies in the house party.

There I stood beside the dining-room window, each hand full of biscuits and my throat so palsied with horror that I could scarcely swallow the one which I had already chewed.

Summoning my utmost self-command, however, I stepped boldly across to the door and listened. There could be no question about it; every one was awake.

I could hear faint feminine screams and shrieks, and the deeper voices of the men, some saying: "This is my first burglar hunt," others protesting because they had nothing better to hit the burglar with than their bedroom pokers, while one wretch asserted that he had read in the paper that very morning that one was perfectly justified in shooting a burglar at sight, and that he fortunately had a fully loaded revolver with him at that moment.

I heard doors open and shut, and I knew that an exhaustive search of the house was being made upstairs. People were moving about in the corridor above me, and it was manifestly impossible for me to attempt to regain my bedroom just then.

I was still wondering what I had better do, when I heard Overton call: "It's quite obvious he's not upstairs. Of course he couldn't be. He must enter by one of the lower windows. Now you girls, lock yourselves in your bedrooms, and you men follow me downstairs and we'll make a thorough search."

And from where I stood I could see his slippered feet descending the upper stairs, none too quickly.

I had to decide instantly where I should conceal myself. Dashing across the hall I hid behind a pillar, and from it I crept across to where a curtain hung across a doorway.

I peeped from behind my shelter and observed seven men descend the stairs and peer about in the hall. Overton himself had an electric torch and this he flashed about till someone suggested lighting the lamps. One man climbed on the hall chair and lit the big lamp that hung beside the door, and I sincerely hoped that the chair would slip and that he would break his neck, but he didn't. When the lamp shone forth I could see Overton bend down and pick up something from the floor.

"Hullo!" he said. "Here's a biscuit! I wonder if the burglar has stolen the biscuit box and dropped out some of its contents, or if it's only been the mice playing about?"

I was peeping from behind my curtain when Plumstead turned in my direction. Instantly I withdrew my head and kept as still as I could.

"Here!" he said, "I'm sure I caught a glimpse of him running down the stairs to the basement."

Instantly the others dashed in that direction, but Plumstead himself remained stationary in the middle of the hall. His back was towards me, and I determined to run the gauntlet there and then. The men, all but him, were out of sight, the ladies were behind locked bedroom doors, so the coast was as clear as it would be.

Whipping the curtain away from me, I darted along the hall and up the stairway, a biscuit or two clattering on the stone pavement at my feet. I was half way up the stairs when a blinding light flashed behind me and the air seemed to shake with a slight explosion. I glanced round, but the brilliance of the light had blinded me for a time and I could see nothing.

Without more ado I made for my bedroom, locked my door and threw myself on the bed in an exhausted condition.

Next morning when I was dressing there came a knock at my bedroom door and Plumstead asked if he might come in. I gave him permission and he entered, carrying with him a small snapshot print. I wondered why he should show me his photographic work so privately, but my wonder turned to indignation when I observed that the subject of the picture was myself clad in pyjamas, each hand full of biscuits, and dashing wildly up the staircase.

"I took my camera and flashlight arrangement with me on the burglar hunt in the hope that I might get a unique snapshot," explained this fiend. "I think the one I have got is excellent, though I should have liked it better if the subject had been a professional burglar. The picture, however, is interesting and I am willing to sell it to you, my price being that you shall consent to practise golf for the next week with all your heart and soul and to compete in the foursome which we hold on the following Saturday."

I consented and he stipulated that the lessons should begin after breakfast. The first use to which I put a thing which he called a brassey was to convert it into a hammer with which to pound into unrecognisable fragments the negative which he handed to me.

FIGHTING FROST.

We seldom read of matches being postponed now even in the hardest weather, although in the old days it was quite common for a match to be put off when the thermometer fell below freezing point.

The general custom now is to roll the ground immediately after play is finished, and, should the surface then become hard, it will still be left perfectly fit to play upon. The chief inconvenience with frosty ground is that, unless this rolling process has been carried out, there are left dangerous holes and ruts which, being frozen hard, are ready to cause nasty falls and even break ankles.

To the credit of our professional footballers be it said, they never allow such considerations to induce them to disappoint the public.

CARDIFF'S TRIUMPH.

Cardiff readers will still remember how the Welsh Rugby Union once kept their ground at Cardiff in good condition for a great International match between England and Wales.

There had been a keen frost for several weeks before the date fixed for the match, and it was generally believed that the event would have to be postponed. The officials of the Union, however, hit upon the notion of keeping several hundred naphtha torches burning on the ground night and day. When the famous Saturday arrived, the ground was in perfect condition, although it began to get hard towards the end of the match.

When the officials of a club are particularly anxious that a certain event shall not fall through on account of frost, the usual custom is to cover the field with hay or straw. Sand has been used in some places with very good effect.

It is not always wise to use such a light blanket as chaff; this was turned to account by a Bradford club some winters ago with a rather humorous result. In the early hours of the Saturday there came a terrific storm, and the field was stripped of its thick covering of chaff, which was blown on to the field of a rival club not far distant.

ARE PRO.'S SPORTSMEN?

It has been said by people who ought to know better that professional footballers are not sportsmen but merely hirelings. If you were to travel in the same saloon as a football team returning from a match at which they have been defeated, you would quickly realise that any such assertion is unfounded. If they considered only the wages they get, they would not worry about the result of a match, but, as a matter of fact, when they lose they take it deeply to heart, and the officials travelling with a defeated team have the greatest difficulty in cheering them up.

WHY NOT PLAY FOR MONEY?

Again is the motive of money such a base one after all? We admire the business man who makes a fortune, and as a nation we bow the knee to wealth on every hand. Why should the footballer be debarred from doing what he can towards obtaining what is after all but a modest income? If the amateur football player or cricketer were to analyse his thoughts and motives, he would in most cases find that it was not wholly love of the sport which prompted him to play. In many instances it is merely a love of any form of physical recreation because of the stimulating effect which such exercise has upon the body. In some cases it is a desire for fame; in others an ambition to be admired by the fair sex, as the successful sportsman invariably is—but in comparatively few cases is love of the game the one and only motive.

The fact that the footballer receives an income which enables him to devote his whole time to sport is not more debasing than the amateur's inheritance from his ancestors of property which enables him to do likewise. If the professional is stimulated by a desire to give his employers full value for the wages they pay him, his motive is at least as good as some of those we have enumerated.

FOOTBALL AND CHARITY.

Football has done more than any other pastime in the sweet cause of charity. Although the most recently established, the Southern Charity Cup has already produced over £2,000 for benevolent institutions. The London Charity Cup comes next in point of antiquity, having been established in 1887, and during the years that have passed it has produced nearly £4,500.

The Birmingham Charity Cup was founded in 1885, and since then it has been the means of raising nearly £5,500 for hospitals. Owing to the number of First Division clubs it is now impossible for a Birmingham club to play a non-League match on Saturday, and so the Birmingham Charity Cup has in latter years been played for on a mid-week day, and consequently the gate money has been comparatively small.

GLASGOW'S LEAD.

Glasgow heads the list in the matter of charity. The Glasgow Charity Cup was established in 1877, and since then it has been the means of gathering almost £30,000 for the benefit of Glasgow charities.

It is felt by football enthusiasts in many places that a charity match is like a friendly match, and that the players will not be seen at their best; this view, however, has never been retained by the devotees of the game in Glasgow, for they have flocked to the charity matches in greater numbers than to any others, thus making it possible for the promoters of the Charity Cup to collect this enormous sum. The winning of the Cup is a matter of the keenest pride in Scotland's capital. Celtic and Queen's Park have each won the Cup eight times, being closely followed in this respect by the Glasgow Rangers who have won it six times.

It is calculated that over £10,000 is collected by means of the various charity cups each year.

This fact is worth remembering. Cite it when you hear football matches condemned as time-wasters. What other recreation gives as much pleasure to the spectators and does as much good?

HOBBIES OFF THE FIELD.

J. Sharp, of Everton, finds his greatest enjoyment in poking about country hedges with a ferret and a lively terrier. In his time he has killed scores of rats, and he is as expert in the slaughter of the wily rodent as in the discomfiture of his opponents on the football field.

Ratting is a kind of amusement one might imagine a footballer to have, but not many would suspect that James Ashcroft, of the Woolwich Arsenal, finds his greatest pleasure in listening to the songs of wild birds and in studying botany.

Another bird-lover is "Punch" McEwen, of Norwich City, but his view of the songsters is less poetic, and as a matter of fact he is a well-known breeder of prize canaries.

The captain of Portsmouth, Albert Buick, has some of the swiftest-winged pigeons in Britain. In his leisure time he may often be seen cycling far into the country with a basket attached to his handlebars containing pigeons which will finally reach home long before their master.

EXTRAS.

£4 a week is fixed as the maximum wage of a professional footballer, but it is very easy for him to add considerably to this amount. It is the custom for players, especially in the off season, to frequent one particular public-house, where they may be seen every evening, and admirers naturally patronise the establishment in order to look upon their hero.

The innkeeper would not dream of charging the footballer for his drinks, but that is a point which scarcely ever arises, for there is always some ardent admirer who is anxious to treat the famous player. Free drinks therefore are not a sufficient inducement to keep the player faithful to a given tavern, for he knows that he can get as much refreshment as he wants anywhere without paying for it; and thus, generally about Christmas time, the player receives a very substantial present from the publican.

The licensed victualler can make more from the patronage of the footballer than can any other tradesman, but tobacconists, tailors, and others are all ready to supply him with their goods free of charge, and many are ready to pay him a considerable sum for patronising them.

TESTIMONIAL CADGING.

The professional footballer is pestered by the proprietors of patent medicines and patent foods with requests that he will give them a testimonial admitting that all his prowess and all his stamina are to be attributed entirely to their productions. Such a testimonial from a well-known player would make the fortune of any patent medicine, and he might safely ask many hundreds of pounds as the price of it. To the credit of the players as a class, however, very few of them lay themselves open to this sort of temptation.

Theatre-managers are constantly offering free seats to football teams, because they know that their houses will be filled with the club's partisans. The town clerks of seaside resorts fall over one another in the rush to obtain the patronage of famous clubs. If Mudcliff-on-the-Brine can secure the promise of a team to train for an important match it obtains a gigantic advertisement practically free of cost. Every day reports appear in the newspapers how the team is getting on, and Mudcliff and its virtues are lauded to the skies. Probably the advertisement costs the town the hotel bills of the footballers, for the clubs are money-making concerns and the directors are always pleased to be able to write off a very serious item of expenditure in this way.

NOVEL MATCHES.

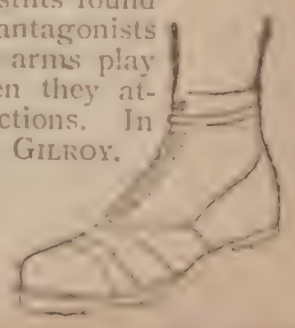
Perhaps the most novel match in the annals of first class football was that with which the Sheffield Football Association opened their season some years ago at Bramall Lane. In order to arouse public interest they decided that the match should be played after dark, and that the ground should be illuminated with electric lights.

The illumination cost altogether £100, and 20,000 people paid for admission, a gigantic number for those days.

The players declared that they could follow the ball perfectly well by electric light. The only ones to find fault were the spectators, most of whom asserted that the bright lights seemed to throw the figures of the players into shade, and made it impossible to follow their movements when they were any distance off.

At some village sports near Birkenhead a very novel football match was played. One team had their arms tied to their sides and their boots and stockings removed; the other team were mounted on stilts six feet high.

The contest was not so unequal as might have been expected, for, though those on stilts found it difficult to touch the ball, their antagonists discovered how important a part the arms play in maintaining balance, and, when they attempted to run, they fell in all directions. In the end the tied-arm team won. J. GILROY.



THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A SKETCH.

White faced, with a dark moustache and aquiline nose, there is something of the Jew in his sleek appearance. Yet there is no Hebrew blood in this particular merchant.

He is one of those foreigners who have come into our midst and prospered exceedingly.

Five years ago he knew no English, though he had every other European language at his finger ends. For the first year he accepted a nominal wage in a mercantile house; the second year he did better. He always managed somehow to save three-quarters of his salary, however small it was, and yet there is no sign in his person of privations endured. After two years he had enough to set up in business for himself.

His trade is nominally the one commodity which his country exports, but he is open for a deal of any description, from furniture (though he has no shop) to stocks and shares.

In everything he touches he manages to make some profit, though it be only a few shillings; it is the amount that he can get through that builds his fortune.

The light shines from the window of the room reserved for himself long after the last 'bus has left the streets; not infrequently he sleeps on the sofa beside his desk, and his typist feels a sense of shame when she arrives in the morning and finds that he has got down before her.

Being an English girl, she never dreams he could have been there all night, and working during the greater part of it. He does not tell her. Why should he try to educate the people he is here to beat in business.

Some time ago he returned to his own country, travelling steerage, though there was the draft of a gigantic scheme in his handbag. He proposed purchasing from his government a monopoly of the staple product of the country.

The ministers were inclined to let him have his way, for his proposals would banish the middleman and thereby greatly benefit the native producers. But the scheme was of such magnitude that they felt the country should be consulted, and at the elections they were defeated. The time was not ripe.

So he came back to London, travelling steerage as before. Six months later the sovereign of that state visited our own court, and one day, unattended and unnoticed, he called at the office of the merchant, for he believed in the scheme, and the Cosmopolitan, though not the biggest in that line, was the only one who had forced himself on his notice.

There was a conference between these two, during which they smoked Turkish cigarettes, nibbled raisins, and agreed that a combine of all the merchants dealing in that commodity should at once be formed, with our friend the Cosmopolitan as its leader.

Thus was born a great commercial trust; few knew of it, and nobody objected. Why should they? It dealt with a foreign product and nothing British, and their sovereign had set his signet of approval upon their plans.

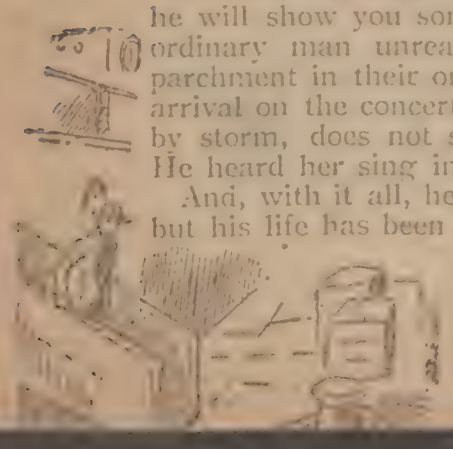
What is it they sell?

I must not say, for that would be to make the identities of the people recognisable, and perhaps to cause them annoyance.

Besides, it does not matter. The accident of his trade is of small concern to us; the interest centres upon the man who can do these things. Diplomatic—oily at times—always shrewd, if always self-seeking—his character, if not coinciding with our British ideals, is yet admirable for its sheer strength.

Here we have a business man who is also a student of the arts. Secure his confidence, and he will show you some remarkable (and to the ordinary man unreadable) stories written on parchment in their original Arabic. The new arrival on the concert stage, who takes London by storm, does not surprise the Cosmopolitan. He heard her sing in Warsaw or Baden.

And, with it all, he is young—young in years, but his life has been full. FREDERICK AULD.



MY NOTEBOOK.

"HOUNDS, GENTLEMEN, HOUNDS!"

It is probable that fox-hunting has done more to turn out men useful to the empire than any other sport. It is lamentable that the sport is becoming more and more expensive and more and more the pastime of the rich.

The Quorn, the Pytchley, and the Cottesmore Hunts are followed almost exclusively by the world of fashion; at their meets the tenant farmer is a missing quantity, for he has lost his old keen love for hunting.

This is wholly due to the wealthy townsman who breakfasts in London, rushes down to Leicestershire for a meet at eleven, and returns to town in time for dinner. All he bothers about is his day's sport. He leaves gates open, allowing stock to stray into the roads; he rides over growing crops; he smashes hedges unnecessarily. Little cares he for what the people of the neighbourhood may say concerning him.

A tenant farmer will tolerate much damage and inconvenience at the hands of the hunt's regular followers, for they live in the district and he finds with them a market for his young horses, his straw and his oats. None of these things can he sell to the townsman who comes for a single day.

The townsman, too, is apt to behave himself badly. He does not know the rules of the game. Very often he hunts simply for the sake of the riding, instead of riding for the sake of hunting.

Not very long ago the Duke of Beaufort found that certain of the followers of the Badminton pack were pressing so closely behind hounds as to force them off the scent. The Duke acted very promptly. He sent the hounds straight home, and informed the offenders that apparently they could do their hunting without the aid of hounds, and so he wished them a very good day's sport.

WHERE HUNTING IS CHEAP.

In my own humble opinion the best hunting in all England is that which may be found in certain counties south of the Thames, and in the extreme west towards Bath.

There the packs have not become over-fashionable. If your purse will not permit of your buying a first-class hunter, you will not feel ashamed to be mounted on an old screw.

Farmers and their sons, local tradesmen, and country gentlemen mingle together as at a happy family function. They all know each other, and there are no one-day sportsmen. The pack is a small one, the expenses are not great, and the subscription is very low.

A friend of mine, who is the fortunate possessor of a moderate competence, hunts constantly during the season, and he has confided to me that his sport does not cost him more than £3 10s. a week. I guarantee that he gets more fun and more good out of hunting than the ultra-fashionables of the crack hunts.

LOST AND FOUND.

I have just had impressed upon me in a pleasant manner the general honesty of the community. The other evening while travelling home by rail I became more than usually interested in my evening paper; in fact the porters were shouting the name of my station in at the window before I realised that I had covered more than half the distance from town.

The train does not stop long at this particular station, and to get out before it started again I had to bundle together in a hurry my coat, and some books which I was bringing out with me.

It was not till I was leaving the station that I discovered I had left in the carriage a pair of motoring gloves which I had just purchased. They were very good gloves, and I did not care to lose them, so next evening I called at the lost property office in Waterloo Station, told the clerk in charge the train I had left them in, and was then invited to search for them in a big box which was packed to the top with gloves.

There were mine amongst the latest arrivals. I was painfully surprised to discover that so many people were, like myself, neglectful of their property, for there must have been some hundreds of pairs of gloves in that box, but it was pleasant to think that all the hundreds of pairs had been returned to the railway people by the passengers who found them.

FOR CROSS-COUNTRY MEN.

I should like to give a couple of hints to the officials of cross-country running clubs. The first is that if they do not already play the game of hare and hounds they ought to adopt it.

Cross-country running in itself is first-rate sport, but even it is improved when you have the added interest of following a paper trail.

My second suggestion is that racing should be discouraged as much as possible. The pleasure of running is in no wise enhanced by a fast pace, while the sociability of the run is considerably lessened, and little jealousies are apt to occur. Moreover with too fast a pace you make a high-spirited beginner exert himself beyond his power.

MIXING YOUR LIQUOR.

The other evening I had the good fortune to meet a dietary expert whose reputation is world wide, and we drifted into a discussion of those strange combinations of drinks which produce a poisonous or injurious compound.

I knew for instance that one is ill-advised to drink milk immediately after stout, but my friend enumerated quite a long list besides. His most astonishing assertion, however, was that the combination of whisky-and-water with whisky-and-soda inevitably produces a disastrous effect on the consumer.

Suppose you took three wine glasses of whisky and drank them either with soda or with water, you would probably be little the worse; but, according to my friend, if you drank two of the glasses mixed with soda and then one mixed with water you would become drunk.

I am always ready to undergo self-sacrifice for the benefit of my readers, but I draw the line at making this experiment. Possibly some of my friends may have already had experience of this combination. If so I should be glad to hear from them.

ENCHANTED CHAMBERS.

Has it ever struck you, my reader, that most of us allow the best room in the house to be devoted to the shrine of the socially unattainable? We call it the drawing-room, and in it we place the nicest chairs, the freshest flowers, and the best pictures; but we very seldom use it.

There is an air of oppression about the drawing-room. To smoke a cigarette in it makes one feel wicked, to indulge in a pipe would be pure sacrilege.

In middle-class houses this room is generally reserved for the occasional visits of acquaintances, and in it the family seat themselves at these meetings without very much ease or grace. They are unaccustomed to the room and the chairs, and feel awkward.

In the humblest cottages, even in those consisting of but two apartments, it is the general custom to reserve one strictly. What it is reserved for is rather doubtful. The cottager usually receives his friends in the combined kitchen and living room, and his best room seems to be reserved for marriages and such events, occurring infrequently.

It is a foolish custom when you come to think of it, and few houses are so large but that an additional room would come in handy.

Let the wobbly tables and the garish covered chairs be sent to the next jumble sale, and let the room be made into a bedroom, a smoking room or a gymnasium. Anyhow let it be something useful, and not merely an apartment reserved for the social vanity of one's women relatives.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

V. THE EPISODE OF THE INVENTOR.

"This," said Lord Chilworth, "is interesting, its most noteworthy characteristic being the readiness of the inventor to benefit the crude and unintelligent capitalist."

The notice to which he referred had better be given in full.

"£500 wanted to place upon the market an invention of domestic utility. Absolutely the most brilliant idea of the past decade. The profits for the first year will be at least £5,000, for the second year £10,000, and after that as the invention becomes better known the income will be unlimited. The financing capitalist will have an equal share with the inventor. Apply Box ——."

"A thing like this," said Chilworth, "is worth looking into. Think how profitable it would be if we got this princely income from the investment of a mere £500."

We wrote to the advertiser requesting an appointment, and on the following morning we received a reply from John Grimsdell Havelock inviting us to come that afternoon to his house in Balham.

When we called, the door was answered by the inventor in person. He was a man somewhere between thirty and forty, with a very white face, very large black eyes and a soft collar.

In his letter Chilworth had described himself as the Hon. Reginald Austwick, and had given the address of the Hotel Cecil as his place of temporary abode; he looked to the life the part of a simple young man who has come from the Shires to see a bit of London life.

"Doubtless," said the inventor, "your time is as valuable as mine, Mr. Austwick, and I presume you would like me to come to the matter of my invention at once."

He opened a sideboard and set upon the table a large tin kettle, capable of holding something like a gallon.

"This," he said, "is my invention. You will observe that I have soldered in a double bottom"—and he pointed to a thin line of silver solder that circled the kettle about an inch from its base. "Between the true bottom and the false one," he continued, "I have enclosed a gas which is entirely unknown to science and which I alone can manufacture. The effect of this gas is to facilitate the heating of the kettle so greatly that the flame of an ordinary candle will boil the water in less than five minutes."

"Marvellous!" said Chilworth.

"I am anxious that you gentlemen should have no doubts as to my invention being genuine," Mr. Havelock proceeded, "and I will therefore trouble you to test it for yourselves. Perhaps you, Mr. Austwick, would kindly go to the little shop at the corner of the road and purchase an ordinary tallow candle, while I conduct your friend through to the kitchen so that he can fill the kettle from the cold tap."

We agreed to this very reasonable proposal, and, shortly after I had brought the kettle back to the front room, Chilworth returned with a penny candle rolled in a piece of white paper. The inventor lit the candle while we both watched him, dropped a spot of grease on the table, and stuck the candle firmly upon it. Then he requested me to hold the kettle so that the flame just touched the bottom.

I don't know whether you have ever attempted to hold a kettle containing a gallon of water above a table, but I can assure you that after the first minute the weight of that kettle seemed to be terrific.

I mentioned this fact to the inventor, and suggested that the experiment would be just as satisfactory if we set the kettle on some support.

"I would rather you held it," he said, "to show that there is no sort of trickery afoot, but, as the suggestion comes from yourself, I am perfectly willing that the kettle should be propped up on something."

But we could think of nothing suitable.

In the midst of our difficulties the inventive genius of John Grimsdell Havelock came to the rescue.

"These will meet the purpose," he said, taking two vases from the mantelpiece.

He set the vases beside the candle, and I myself placed the kettle above them. In three or four minutes the gallon of water bubbled merrily, and the steam came puffing through the spout. The inventor looked at us in triumph, blew out the candle, replaced the vases on the mantelpiece, and poured the scalding water into a jug to show that it was as hot as it appeared to be. Then he wiped off the little speck of soot where the candle flame had touched, and handed the kettle to Chilworth for inspection.

"Marvellous! marvellous!" said Chilworth. "Truly wonderful!"

Then in a whisper he requested me to get the inventor out of the room, and to keep him there for five minute at all costs. I wondered how this could best be accomplished, and thought that I might suggest to the inventor that I was willing to pay a larger sum than my friend, for I must have some excuse for taking him outside. I tugged him by the sleeve and requested him to follow me from the room for a moment. When we got outside he quite relieved me of all my doubts as to a subject for conversation.

"I know what you are going to say," he said. "You seem to know what's what, and I expect it isn't out of mere friendship that you're taking him about London. Suppose I give you two hundred pounds and keep three hundred. Will that satisfy you?"

I was so much taken aback at the suggestion that Chilworth was a pigeon whom I was plucking, that for the moment I could not think of a suitable reply. The inventor, misinterpreting my hesitation, promptly offered to go halves. Then, taking the cue, I haggled about the division of the spoils, till a voice from the room shouted: "What are you fellows doing out there? Mr. Havelock, I want to speak to you."

We returned to the front room, the inventor assuring Chilworth that he had only been showing me the cold tap in the kitchen to prove that there was no sort of trickery about it.

"You've got trickery on the brain," said Chilworth. "People must be awfully suspicious of you inventors. Why, I have seen the whole thing with my own eyes, and I flatter myself I am a pretty smart chap, what? I think, Mr. Havelock, we might call this a bargain, but naturally I do not carry as much as five hundred pounds with me, and I have left my cheque book at the hotel. Perhaps you won't mind waiting an hour or so while we drive back for it."

The inventor agreed, and when Chilworth had begged him, almost with a break in his voice, not to part with the invention to anyone else till we returned, we took our departure.

We dismissed our cab at the corner of the street and walked along till we came upon a couple of loafers, who still presented a fairly decent appearance.

Chilworth gave them half-a-crown apiece and ordered them to follow us; then we proceeded till we came upon a third. When he had been enlisted in our little army, we betook ourselves to a saloon bar where Chilworth explained exactly what he desired them to do.

They were to follow us to the inventor's house, and when they saw a handkerchief fluttered at the window they were to walk into the room and stand in a row at attention. They were also to say, "Yes, inspector," when Chilworth spoke to them. If they did these things well they were to have a sovereign apiece.

It was close on five o'clock when Chilworth and I returned to be once more received by the beaming inventor. He congratulated us on our speed, but Chilworth's only reply was to wave his handkerchief above the fern pots in the window. A moment later our three assistants filed in.

"Have you got the cab waiting for the prisoner?" asked Chilworth.

"Yes, inspector," replied the three loafers in unison.

"Then," continued Chilworth, turning to the inventor, "I arrest you, John Grimsdell Havelock, on the charge of obtaining money by false pretences."

The inventor's lips trembled as he whispered: "Couldn't this be settled between ourselves?"

Chilworth rubbed his chin meditatively, and then, addressing me, said: "Sergeant, take these men outside for a moment."

With that I led the three loafers into the passage, and it may be regarded as something of a compliment to Chilworth's power of acting, when I say that the remarks they made to one another clearly proved that they believed him to be in actual fact a detective-inspector.

What transpired within the room I learned afterwards from Chilworth. The inventor wanted to settle the matter for a £10 note, but Chilworth would have nothing less than £5,045, which was all the money the inventor possessed in the world, and every penny of which he had, as the documents Chilworth saw in the desk conclusively proved, obtained from simple-minded fools such as he supposed us to be.

Havelock denied that he had so much, but Chilworth simply indicated the drawer in the desk where his bank passbook was and where he had found it while the inventor was outside trying to bribe me. On pain of instant arrest Havelock wrote out a cheque for this amount, first signing his name in a disguised hand, but Chilworth had the signature of the letter we had received and he insisted upon another cheque being drawn and signed properly.

Then he handed the inventor a £5 note and told him to quit the house, for he would have to represent to the authorities that the prisoner had escaped.

"Mind you," Chilworth concluded, "I am letting you off easy. I have only robbed you of the spoils. If I brought you up for trial you'd get fifteen years' penal."

The inventor thanked him profusely, dashed past us as we stood in the hall, and I could see him disappear down the path and vanish through the back garden gate.

Our three loafers wanted to go in pursuit but I restrained them.

When I returned to the room Chilworth brought down the vases from the mantelpiece, laid one upon the table and smashed it with the poker. To my astonishment it contained an electric apparatus which when connected with the current would generate a terrific heat.

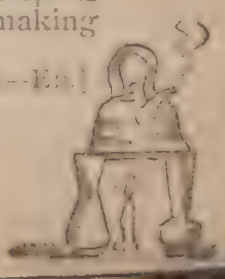
It was a pretty contrivance.

On the table itself were two spots where, when you pressed against them with the bottom of the vase, a couple of spring flaps fell down and revealed electrodes. The boiling of the kettle was thus a simple matter, the candle flame being a mere pretence, and the actual heat coming from these miniature blast furnaces.

We next battered a hole in the kettle itself and found that it had not even a double bottom; the line of silver solder was merely ornamental.

"It will be necessary for me," said Chilworth as we returned home, "to find some more pensioners. If I distribute amongst them the spoils of the spoilers at this rate I shall be making them all millionaires."

[Another story of this series will appear next week.—Ed.]



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

The work of the world must still be done,
And minds are many though truth be one.—NEWBOLT.

THE FUN OF THE FIGHT.

It is a pleasant thing to have a safe job. It is a pleasant thing to lie in bed after the time arrives when you ought to get up. But I doubt whether either of them does you good.

The man who works in a bank or an insurance office or in the Civil Service is to all intents and purposes safe from the sack. Provided he is honest and accurate, he is regarded as satisfactory. Brilliancy is not looked for in him, and if he conceives any bright ideas they will not hasten his promotion in any way.

"You do the work," say the directors, "we'll supply the ideas."

The man with the safe billet can marry when he likes, for his income is assured, though small.

But he can never hope to make a fortune.

To reduce the matter to the language of the Stock Exchange, one may put it in this way: Gilt-edged securities never bring in a return equal to that possible from a speculative investment.

I should be the last to recommend anyone to gamble on the Stock Exchange, but gambling with your own career is a different matter altogether.

In the case of stocks and shares you are investing in property which is controlled by other men about whose integrity you know nothing; and the shares may be only paper.

Regarding yourself as an investment, however, you constitute the whole body of shareholders and directors. Your investment is strictly under your own command. You know exactly how things are doing, and it rests with yourself alone what dividends are to be paid.

Now to make yourself a profitable investment it is necessary that you should hold a job of the unsafe kind.

The safe job is so grateful and comforting that you will always find scores of men ready to fill it.

The man who is giving a safe job would be a fool should he pay more for having his work done than he need do. With so many wanting the job he can reduce the salary to just about a living wage.

The risky job, on the contrary, is sought for by few. Nobody wants to be booted out at a moment's notice. Moreover the risky job generally demands an initiative and strength of character which is not possessed by the mob. That is why the risky job is better paid.

Once upon a time I held a safe job and I date the turning point in my career from the moment when I decided to throw it up and accept in its stead one of the riskiest posts in London.

I had full confidence in myself—unjustifiable confidence it may be—but I managed to hold the job till I left it voluntarily for a better.

While in the post that was absolutely safe I was never really content. I felt like a man who is being fed on concentrated food in tabloid form instead of having the satisfaction of eating in the ordinary way.

In the safe job I was but a part of a complex machine; in the risky one it was necessary for me to use all the force of initiative and individuality at my command.

A matter of temperament it may be.

Some men like to earn their livings as door-keepers; and others choose to drive motor-'buses through the streets of London, taking the risk of accident at every corner, knowing that if there is an accident they will lose their job, compelled all day long to exercise at the highest pressure the whole of the nervous force that is in them.

But the motor-'bus driver is better paid than the door-keeper. If I had to choose between them, I should be a motor-'bus driver.

There is a difference between merely living and actually succeeding in business.

The former you can do very comfortably in a safe billet, but for the accomplishment of the latter you must select the riskiest for which you are fitted, for there only will you find your promotion rapid and your rewards adequate.

SINKING FUNDS.

The business man, whether he is an employer or employee, should follow the custom of successful public companies by establishing a reserve or sinking fund. This is not to be confused with personal savings, and should not be drawn upon for personal uses.

In the case of an employee, it would be used only for the exigencies of his profession or trade. From it would be purchased the books which will enable him to improve his earning capacity, and from it would be drawn the cost of advertising and postage in changing from one job to another.

The tradesman would find this reserve extremely useful when such exceptional expenses as alteration of shop fittings became necessary. An item like that is not allowed for in the annual expenditure, and it would cut a serious hole in the profits of any one year.

The purchase of a safe, of office furniture, and other such things should rightly come out of a reserve and not out of the annual profits; the articles are to last for an indefinite period, and their cost will appear less heavy when the accumulation of several years is used to pay it.

FOR CLERKS.

Mr. A. J. Smith, honorary London organiser of the National Union of Clerks, is kind enough to tell me that this page should be read by every clerk. By every employer too, I hope.

Mr. Smith is looking for fresh recruits for his organisation, which is the only recognised trades union for clerks, and I am glad to give his mission this publicity because I think that such a union is badly wanted.

The clerk is overworked and underpaid, and only by banding himself together in the aggregate is he likely to put matters right.

Mr. Smith's address is 65 and 66 Wool Exchange, Coleman Street, E.C., and he promises to send full particulars of the union to all who write him.

LOCAL NEEDS.

A friend of mine who is a tea merchant in London, advertised and exploited a new brand of Assam tea some years ago. Its success in London was encouraging, and he resolved to make it go in the provinces as well.

In Bristol his blend caught on almost from the outset, but in Brighton the sales fell to nil after the first month of his campaign. He attributed this to local opposition, and set himself to beat it down by extensive poster advertising. For six months the merits of his tea were expounded to the inhabitants of Brighton, but still they refused to buy it.

Not till then did my friend seek the advice of a Brighton grocer; from him he discovered the reason for his failure.

Bristol water is soft, and suits Assam tea admirably; Brighton, on the other hand, has hard water, in which Assam tea never seems to taste satisfactorily. Had he consulted the old grocer in the first instance he would have saved himself the expense of his Brighton advertising campaign.

"CHARACTERS."

ARE THEY WORTH ANYTHING?

Character is, of course, an absolute essential for success but what is commonly known as our "character"—otherwise a written testimonial—is a very doubtful quantity.

I believe that it would be possible for a man to forge a testimonial with no danger of discovery. The modern employer attaches such little weight to these documents that he scarcely ever takes the trouble to verify them, if indeed he reads them at all.

I am much inclined to think that this neglect of testimonials is an error.

Mr. George Cadbury, of chocolate fame, once told me that he engages all the many hands at his works himself, and that he judges the applicant by his face and not by his credentials.

This may be a safe plan in regard to certain workers, for you may with a little intuition gauge their character from their appearance, and you can readily ascertain by observation whether their work is satisfactory. But in the case of such men as book-keepers this system will not work.

It would take you weeks or months to discover whether a book-keeper was competent or not, whereas you might learn it in five minutes by a perusal of his testimonials, or, better still, by an interview with his previous employer.

If men said exactly what they thought about a departing employee, testimonials would count for much, but very rarely do they tell the truth.

In many cases a testimonial will be cold and suggestive of mediocrity when the subject of it is a man of exceptional talent, for an employer who is losing a good man feels sore about it, and is more inclined to think of his weak points than of his merits.

On the other hand, if an unsatisfactory employee is dismissed his chief usually gives him as good a testimonial as possible, rubbing in all the slight merits he may have and glossing over his greater faults. Such testimonials may not be all lies, but they are equally deceptive because they do not tell the whole truth.

Remember these things when you read a testimonial. Try, if possible, to get at its inner truth, and discount the mental bias—for good or evil—which influenced the writer.

"Testimonials are very excellent things," Mr. W. H. Lever, the soapmaker, once said to me. "By a careful study of what they omit to state you can form a very accurate judgment concerning the applicant."

There is another aspect of the question which is not generally considered. It is this. An employee may be unsatisfactory in the hands of a certain chief simply because they are unsuited to one another, and he may be a most valuable man under different management.

If you judge him by the character that he brings away from his previous employer, you would be unjustly prejudiced against him. The safest plan is to size him up from a personal interview and test him for yourself. If you are an employer worthy the name you will feel more reliance on your own opinion than that of any other man.

The ability to read men is of vast importance in business. Cultivate it. Guess at everybody's character, and then find out from actual facts whether your guess was right. The task is interesting and I know of nothing so profitable.

I should like to warn applicants to read their testimonials carefully before they submit them to prospective employers. I remember once a young man showing me what he believed to be a very laudatory testimonial. He answered my advertisement for a clerk. This was his credential:

> "Mr. John Williams is a good clerk but I believe he would succeed better in any other line of activity. I have often found him civil, sometimes diligent and usually honest. I hope he will soon get another position, as I can promise he will not return to me."

L. ABRAHAMS.

What is the Matter with Sunday?

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
—COWPER.

The average man on Sunday rots or vegetates, call it which you will. His day is spent in yearning for the morrow. As like as not it is a time of physical as well as mental discomfort.

We know that Sunday is going to be dull because we have had experience of many Sundays, and so we have on Saturday afternoon and evening a round of enjoyment. We cycle long distances or play games, and afterwards we go to a theatre or a music-hall and are consequently not abed till late. This, coming immediately after a hard week's work, is more than we are in a condition to undergo with impunity. Hence the tiredness of Sunday.

On Sunday we are not—most of us, that is—storing up fresh energy for the next week's work, but simply recovering from the effects of our extra exertions on Saturday.

The remedy is simple; let it shock whom it may. If we had football matches on Sunday afternoon the day would cease to be an idle one; it would have a definite interest, and we should have somewhere pleasant to go to. In anticipation of attending the Sunday football match we would spare ourselves sufficiently on the Saturday, and the national health and well-being would in consequence be improved.

NO HARDSHIP.

It is futile to urge that we should be inflicting a hardship on football players. With them, as with most other people, Sunday is a weary day. During the preliminary weeks of training the Sunday rest may be welcome to the players, but throughout the season, while they are playing only one or two matches each week, a Sunday match would be no hardship, and the majority of the players themselves would welcome it. The cars which would convey the spectators to the field are already running on Sunday, so that there would be no additional work so far as the drivers and conductors were concerned.

In the evenings music-halls and dancing saloons might be opened, although especially in the case of the former, there is the drawback that we should be forcing a large staff to forego a day of much needed rest; this, however, could be got over by increasing the staff or by engaging a special staff for that day.

I shall be greatly blamed by the church-going public for advocating such things.

They will accuse me of desiring to set up rival attractions which would keep the people from going to church.

WHO GOES TO CHURCH?

If the people went to church, I should make no such proposals, but a census has proved that only 18 per cent. of the population of London attend any place of worship whatsoever, and London may be taken as a fair criterion for the other cities of the country, and consequently for the bulk of the population. The 82 per cent. of non-churchgoers are consequently left with nothing to do, and the most militant Puritan must support me when I recall the copy-book proverb about Satan and idle hands.

There are those who assert that Sunday should be spent in sheer idleness; they would have you doze half the day and think about nothing the other half. Such a thing may be possible to the navvy, but in it the man with an active brain finds nothing but painful boredom.

Rest to him is only to be obtained by a change of employment. He has trained his mind to be energetic, and it is impossible to switch off its forces by the mere turning of a seventh-day lever.

"Thou shalt not work" must not be twisted by the long-faced into "Thou shalt not play."

If the average man could be persuaded to throw off the trammels of a recent tradition, and to spend his Sunday as he pleased, without fear of his neighbours' opinions, Sunday would be more pleasant for all of us.

As things are, those who have taken to themselves this freedom appear to be of the blatant type. They are the men who lead whippets to waste pieces of ground to course inoffensive rabbits; they are the young hooligans who jostle one another off the pavement and address passers-by with more familiarity than politeness.

They do these things because they are, for the time being as it were, in a foreign country. The roads and streets are largely given up to them. There is not that weight of public observation which at other times bears them down, suppresses them, and keeps them covered with at least a veneer of civilisation.

BETTER IN THE OLD DAYS.

If we all spent Sunday taking sensible and ordinary amusements, instead of lounging wearily indoors, these pests would either remain indoors themselves or would at least subdue their behaviour to a semblance of that of other people.

I referred to strict Sunday observation as a comparatively recent thing. Up till the time when Cromwell and his Puritans put a damper on all merriment, it was the custom for the people to play games freely on Sunday afternoons. They shot with the bow, ran races, danced, engaged in fact in all those amusements which did not compel other people to work. Later on we find that Queen Anne held her Cabinet meetings on Sundays, and William IV. signed on Sunday the act which freed all slaves in British dominions.

It is only in comparatively recent years that we have become "unco guid," and our goodness is a superficial thing. We have dropped playing games, but we have begun to hate Sunday. Is the latter condition better than the other?

For many, Sunday must remain to some extent a day of work. The man who works all the week for someone else needs Sunday for the doing of his own private work, the writing of letters, and so forth; but the ideal state of matters would be that we should during the week get all unpleasant work finished, and leave only that which yields entertainment for Sunday.

HOLY DAY AND HOLIDAY.

If we spent Sunday as we ought to spend it, we would never get run down in health, nor would we require holidays. One holiday in seven should surely be enough to keep any man fit. Only we do not make it a holiday.

I do not suggest that Sunday should be like a Bank Holiday with all its rush and unpleasantness, but it should be entertaining, restful and recreative. As it is, instead of being a day of rest it is to most of us a day of restlessness.

I think this article will indicate sufficiently that I have no desire to preach, but to those who have not tried it I should like to recommend a little church-going on Sunday.

Apart altogether from the religious benefits, there is a distinct advantage in the complete change of our view upon life and in the general uplifting of worship.

Don't set me down as a humbug because I say these things. I respect religion most thoroughly, because I know what it has to offer a man. What I hate is cant in all its forms, and it is the power of cant in this country which keeps us under on Sunday, and makes this day a day of existence instead of a day of joyous, vigorous life.

Church-going in the morning, all kinds of games in the afternoon, and all kinds of entertainment in the evening—these things would make Sunday a happy day. DAVID COOPER.

ADVENTURES OF A CABBY.

SOME THINGS SEEN.

The first big thing that happened to me after I got my licence was having my cab stolen. It happened in this way.

One very cold morning I drove a whisky traveller from a hotel in the Strand to a public-house in Stoke Newington.

He had done his business with the proprietor, and was apparently satisfied, for when he came out he says: "Cabby," says he, "come in and have a drink."

Well, it being so cold, I thought I would. My horse was quiet, and so was the street, so there was small likelihood of the police being down on me for leaving my cab unattended.

In I goes, through to the saloon-bar at the back, where it wasn't possible for me to keep an eye on the cab.

I hurried as much as politeness allowed, and was back in the street in a couple of minutes, but my cab was nowhere to be seen.

I felt in a blue funk, I can tell you.

The commercial got up a little subscription from the pub. owner and some others who came out, and handed me £3.

The cab was found next day in a rank at Clapham Common.

The thief had plied it for what fares he could get and had then abandoned it. Even if it had never been found I shouldn't have been responsible, as such an accident was insured against by the man I hired it from.

All I lost was my rugs and whip, which the thief had stuck to. So altogether I was a little in pocket over this adventure.

It was about six months later that I had the best bit of luck I ever fell across. One night I drove an elderly gent. from the Bank to Romano's, and after that I went home to the yard, without picking up any other fare on the way.

When I jumped down I noticed a bundle of papers lying on the cushion.

They were wrapped round with paper and string, and there was a big dab of sealing-wax where the two strings crossed. The packet was open at the ends, and with a little trouble I might have found out what the papers were, but it was no business of mine, and I just took them to the nearest police-station.

Being only papers, I didn't think I'd get much of a reward, so I pretty well forgot all about them.

When I came back to the yard the next night, the old gent. was waiting for me, looking as pleased as sixpence.

It turned out that the papers were bonds, payable to bearer, for £3,000. He handed me a cheque for £200 as a reward.

I found out afterwards that he had interviewed the Commissioner at Scotland Yard, who had fixed my reward at £150.

The reward always depends on the value of the restored proterty, and is fixed by rule.

The old chap had added the other £50 out of gratitude.

He offered me, besides, a job as coachman, but I preferred to be my own boss, and with his money I bought a hansom and a couple of nags, and ever since that day I have been independent of the cab-proprietor, who is the bugbear of the average cabby's life.

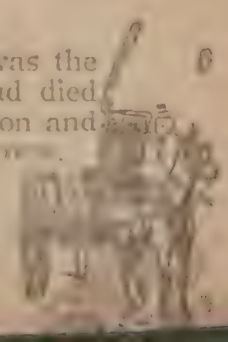
The next thing I found in my cab was not so pleasant. A young toff hailed me outside Frascati's one night and told me to drive to the Sportsman's Club in St. James's.

When I drew up at the door he didn't get out, so I opened the flap to tell him we had reached the club.

He was sitting at one end of the seat, all huddled up, with his chin resting on his shirt front. I thought he was asleep and jumped down to waken him.

Then I saw that he was dead.

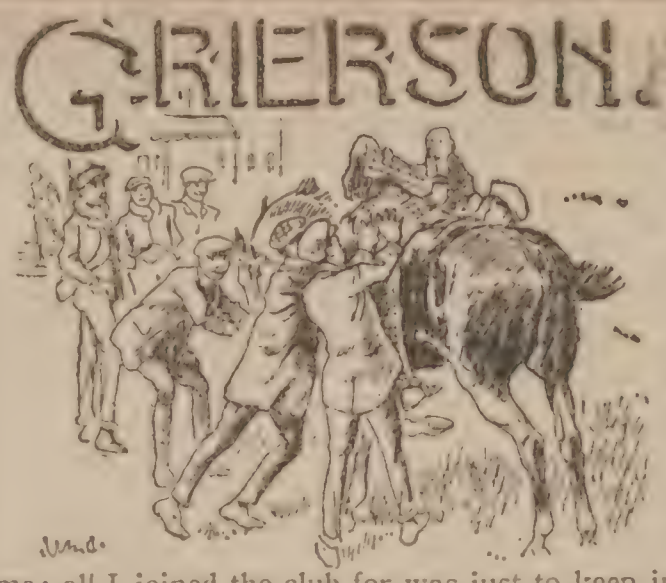
At the inquest, at which of course I was the leading witness, it came out that he had died of heart-disease, due to a weak constitution and too much drink.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

GRIERSON.

By GUY FORREST.



I think his Christian name was Geoffrey, but he was not the type of man whom one ever dreamt of calling by his Christian name, and so I will not be certain.

He came upon us like a bolt from the blue. Thompson, who introduced him to the club, knew nothing about him except that he had recently got a job at his office.

In a cross-country running club like ours one does not make exhaustive inquiries concerning prospective members, and we admitted him without the slightest objection.

He was not very tall nor very broad-shouldered, but nature had gifted him with an ugly under-face like a burglar's, and one naturally associates this type of countenance with people who are very well able to look after themselves. Thus it was that, though we doubted some of the things he told us, none of us cared to mention the fact.

Grierson informed us that he came from the North of England, and also volunteered the information that he had held the five-mile championship in his former club. We were very glad to hear this, for at the time we wanted some good men at that distance.

Besides our clubhouse on the border of the open country, we had the privilege of practising sprinting on the football ground of a well-known team, and one Saturday afternoon I mentioned to Grierson that if he had time he ought to come to the football ground sometimes in the evenings.

He was quite keen on the idea, and we arranged to meet there one Wednesday night. I was rather surprised to find him turn up with ordinary cross-country shoes, and I asked him whether he did not prefer spikes for sprinting in.

"The ground here is quite soft you know," I said, "and spikes give you a much better grip."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I daresay they do. What shop do you recommend me to get them at? I suppose I could fit them on to the soles myself?"

This rather took my breath away, for the idea of fitting spikes on to the india-rubber soles of cross-country shoes was distinctly novel.

I pointed out that I was afraid he misunderstood me, and he then confessed with great frankness that he had never practised sprinting, and knew very little about it, long-distance running being his speciality.

He was the most extraordinary champion I have ever met. One would have believed that with his record and abilities he would have endeavoured to be first home whenever we went out for a long spin, but he had no such ambition.

He plodded along at the slowest of slow trots, and very often even this would degenerate into a walk.

One day I was late in getting off from work, consequently late in leaving the clubhouse, and, as I followed the track I knew the club had taken, I suddenly came upon Grierson sitting on a fire-barred gate.

"Hullo," I said, "have you twisted an ankle?"

"No," he replied, "I'm just having a rest. There's no use in running yourself to a shadow you know. I'll leave that for the younger fellows—younger in experience, I mean. I can afford to rest on my laurels."

I plodded on and left him sitting there, and when all the rest of us had been rubbed down, and most of us were dressed, Grierson came into the clubhouse.

He was sweating a lot for a man who had been taking things so easy, but he assured us that he always did sweat, and that to this he attributed much of the success he had attained.

About a month after he joined the club, we began training for the county five-mile championship, and the secretary asked Grierson whether we might rely on the benefit of his assistance.

"I'm afraid not," he replied, "I'd do anything to oblige you, you know, but I've won so many events that competitions have ceased to interest me; all I joined the club for was just to keep in training."

With that we had to be content, but we had been relying not a little on the help of our new member.

Often he threw out hints that he was very well off—told us how to fill up cheques, and added that he had to be careful of forgery, because he kept such a large balance in the bank.

When we decided to build a bathroom at the clubhouse, we had a whip round to cover the cost, each of us contributing ten shillings—more, those of us who could afford it.

"I'll give a shilling," said Grierson, when the secretary approached him. "If I squandered my money I'd soon be as hard up as other people."

Somebody suggested—this was one evening when Grierson had not turned up—that he considered the north countryman—if such he was—a rank fraud; he did not express it quite so politely, but that was what his words meant.

"Why don't you tell him that?" somebody asked. The discoverer of frauds hummed and hawed for a little, and then he replied: "It isn't any of my business, and besides he's got an ugly fighting sort of mug on him."

I don't know whether Grierson had discovered the feeling that was growing in the club towards him, but one night he told us that he possessed a gold cup which he had won for boxing.

It appeared that he had been the champion of his town in that also. Somebody invited Grierson to bring down the cup for inspection, and he promised to do so, but one night it was at the jewellers', and another night he forgot all about it; anyhow he never brought it down.

Then the committee bought a set of boxing gloves which were kept down at the football club dressing-room, and we frequently had a turn with them when we came in, just to keep the sweat from drying till the trainer was ready for us.

The first night the boxing gloves appeared the secretary pluckily offered to have a bout with Grierson, but Grierson declined.

He had, he said, become blasé in the matter of boxing. He had ceased to take pleasure in it, and only used it now as a means of self-defence. He added that the recreation that appealed most to him was riding, but that he had sold his horse before he left the north.

This set some of us thinking. One of our members was a groom at a place not very far distant from our country clubhouse; he never came down to sprint, but he usually turned up on the Saturday afternoons for the cross-country work.

The next time we saw him we suggested that some afternoon he should forego the pleasure of running and should bring to the clubhouse one of the horses in his charge, on the plea that he had taken it out for exercise.

When we explained the object in view he jumped at the notion, and on a certain Saturday afternoon he duly turned up in front of the clubhouse, mounted on a rather spirited young horse.

Grierson came in about just at that moment.

"Not much of a horse that," he remarked as he threw the handbag containing his togs on to a chair. "I used to have one something the same colour, but with ever so much more life in him. Why, I got him cheap because nobody else could ride him. You know I never yet met a horse I could not manage."

He was playing into our hands beautifully, and by this time Jack Simonds had dismounted and was standing at the door. Apparently he caught the gist of Grierson's remarks.

"Just you have a try on this one," he said. "He takes some riding, but he goes all right if you can manage him."

"I should be delighted I am sure," replied Grierson, "if I only had on riding togs. You can't ride with any comfort in trousers you know."

Once more he was slipping through our fingers.

We had long been sick of hearing tales of his great accomplishments, especially as we had never seen him do anything; and he had always managed to back gracefully out just when we thought we had him cornered, and here he was at it again.

Apparently Jack Simonds forgot Grierson's fighting expression for a moment, or possibly he was not looking at him.

Anyhow he blurted out: "I don't believe you can ride at all."

The rest of us stood aghast, expecting the expert at all things to fell the doubter to the ground with a single blow, but he did no such thing.

He turned pretty white, and then pretty red, but said nothing.

Simonds having given the lead, some of the other fellows now chipped in. "Yes, Grierson, let's see you do it," said one. "You don't need riding togs to go from here to that tree and back. We'll be quite satisfied with that," said another.

All eyes were now turned on the unhappy Grierson, and he had either to do or die; by the look of him he apparently considered the two things were one and the same.

Eventually he decided to make the experiment, and tried to mount the horse on the wrong side. He got all mixed up with the stirrups, and we finally had to hoist him into the saddle bodily.

As soon as he was comfortably seated, Simonds let go the horse's head, and away it went down the lane, Grierson lying flat on its back and hanging on by its mane.

"This is a bit thick," said the captain; "it's obvious the fool can't ride, and I should not be surprised if he slipped off and hurt himself."

"Don't you be alarmed," said Simonds. "The stirrup leathers are fitted to a safety attachment, and he can't get dragged."

The horse went steadily down the lane, the rest of us pounding after him.

Presently he bethought him of the comforts of his own stable, for he suddenly stopped and jumped over a low gate. We expected to find Grierson lying on the grass on the other side, but he had managed to keep hold somehow, for we could see him half across the field hanging on to the front of the horse's neck, his feet dangling between its forelegs.

The horse was just about to take the hedge at the other side, when he seemed to recollect the weight that was clinging to him; so, just as he came alongside the ditch that stretched in front of the hedge, he stopped short and shook his head.

Grierson dropped spluttering into the mud, and the horse with a bound cleared the obstacle and vanished homewards.

We fished the discomfited braggart out of the mud, led him back to the clubhouse and cleaned him in the bathroom to the building of which he had contributed so niggardly.

But he was still undaunted.

"That horse was nothing to some I've tackled," he said, "but you know as I said before, it's quite impossible to ride in trousers."

We have one source of comfort.

He has not again appeared at the club, though Thompson tells us he still entertains them in the office with stories of his many championships.

The Real Sportsman

AN ATTEMPT AT DEFINITION.

He may be best defined perhaps by a series of negative statements.

He is not a record hunter. It is the indifferent sportsman who seeks to make a record and then attempts to break that record, and at all times bores his friends with recapitulations of his achievements. The real sportsman enjoys his recreation too much to think of records, which are, after all, extraneous.

The indifferent sportsman, on the other hand, finds the sport itself not very entertaining, and so he introduces into it the outside interest of quick pace or gigantic bag.

It is just like the man of letters at a horse sale. Not being interested in horse flesh, he falls to studying the faces about him, not the horses.

RIGHTS OF THE QUARRY.

The real sportsman never takes any mean advantage of the game hunted. He refuses to join in a battue where hand-reared and hand-fed birds are driven by beaters over the butt in which the shooter is seated in hiding. The man who pulls the trigger under such circumstances as these makes himself merely the eye of the gun.

If the system were carried one stage further a delicate electrical contrivance would be fitted to the weapon itself, so that, whenever a bird came within range, the gun would be fired automatically. The real sportsman looks on the slaughter of the driven bird as butchery.

It is the knowledge of the habits of the game, and the skill to outwit their wariness that differentiates the sportsman from the gun.

To take an illustration from another branch of out-door life, there is an essential difference between the poacher who stealthily nets trout and the angler who skilfully presents a blue dun to the notice of these capricious fish. The latter understands their ways, knows where to look for them according to the season and weather, and moreover he gives them a fair chance of getting off.

To win at any price is frequently the uppermost thought in the minds of men engaged in competitive games, but it is not a sentiment that is harboured by the true sportsman.

MILES'S MAGNANIMITY.

During the last match which decided the tennis championship, Miles time and again allowed Gould a few minutes to have his arm rubbed. The American player had slightly strained his arm, but a man of less sporting instincts than Miles might have looked on this mishap as a bit of good luck. Instead of that, however, he treated his opponent with that courtesy and generosity which are amongst the most treasured attributes of the sportsman.

Not very long ago Mr. W. T. West, the then American amateur golf champion, played Mr. Harold Weber, and at the end of the game was, according to the card, one up. A spectator, however, reported that the sixteenth, instead of being won by West, was halved, thus making that match all square. West promptly insisted on playing off the tie, although he could not have been obliged to do so.

In spite of Weber's protests West insisted, and an extra hole was played. West sliced his tee shot into the rough and, just as a lost ball decision was about to be given, he discovered the ball again and won the hole. No one was more delighted at the victory of the champion than Weber.

In sport which is wholly or partly professional, we find very little of such magnanimity. A cricketing team will refuse to go out and will make the technical plea that the light is bad; the hacking and fouling on the football field have become notorious. If any argument were required to show that professionalism is damaging to the best elements of sport, here you have one.

The deliberate taking of risks is not a necessary characteristic of the sportsman. The more adventurous amongst us will continue to pit our strength and skill against Death and to seek in sport the excitement of those risks which the savage gets in his everyday life.

Thus we fly down the Cresta Run at St. Moritz knowing that our toboggan, running at forty miles an hour, may be brought sharp up by a snowbank at any moment and that we may be killed. Thus we journey to Africa to hunt big game. Thus we ride in steeplechases over almost impossible fences.

BRAVE, NOT FOOLHARDY.

The daring necessary for these things will always be admired, but a man can be regarded as a good sportsman without possessing it.

The sportsman must of necessity be plucky, but he can be a thoroughly good sportsman without being foolhardy. You may object to risking your neck without being a coward.

One thing which he must have, however, is endurance and hardihood. The golfers who fly to the pavilion at every shower of rain are playing for the sake of their health or because it is fashionable, and not because they take a thorough sporting interest in the game.

The lazy foxhunter who drives to the meet in his motor-car and only then mounts the horse that has been fetched by his groom, is not a sportsman of the best type. He seeks the excitement of the chase without undergoing those fatigues which form its necessary concomitant.

The real sportsman will trudge with his gun on his shoulder when the ground is covered with snow a foot deep; his mind is centred upon his sport, and the discomforts of rough weather are disregarded.

He may even revel in them, for, like the elements, he is strong.

We may sum up the characteristics of the true sportsman as the possession of grit, manly endurance and skill, and an inherent love of fair play. These things may be to some extent cultivated, but the elements of them must have been bestowed upon him by nature.

NORMAN CHEYNE.

COULDN'T BEAT BERESFORD.

The race train drew up at the junction just outside London for the collection of tickets, and the inspectors set about their work. Dealing with a race train one expects to find men under the seats and so forth, but there was a surprise in store for the official who opened the door of a certain third class compartment.

It contained three passengers, each provided with a first class ticket. All had torn neckties, and twisted collars, while their faces looked as if something hard and heavy had been dropped upon them from a considerable height. At the moment the inspector appeared one man was binding up a sprained wrist for another.

"What's been happening here?" asked the collector.

"It wasn't here it happened," sighed the biggest of the three. "It was in that first-class carriage nearest the engine. We entered it at the race station, and at the next we were all pitched out on to the platform by some sort of demon. So we got into the first compartment we could find."

The inspector sought the carriage indicated, and in it he found Lord Charles Beresford, quietly reading his newspaper.

"What have you been doing to your fellow passengers?" the official asked.

"Oh, those three?" replied the old sea-dog. "They got into this carriage and insisted that I should play cards with them. Of course I refused, and they flattened my silk hat, so I flattened them."

MINOR ACHES.

AND HOW TO EASE THEM.

Most men, even if they are otherwise healthy, have an occasional headache. The treatment must necessarily depend upon the individual case, for there are close upon fifty different kinds of headache.

Brisk exercise, by removing the blood to the limbs and thus freeing the brain from pressure, usually effects a cure. Should this fail, a towel wrung out in cold water may be swathed about the temples.

If these remedies are unsuccessful we may take it that there is something seriously wrong, probably that the alimentary functions of the body are not in proper working order; the remedy then is a mild aperient or an increased consumption of fruit.

Headaches are sometimes due to eye strain, and can only be remedied by the purchase of a suitable pair of spectacles.

The eyes themselves are subject to many little aches and pains. Should they suffer from chronic strain the remedy is a visit to a properly qualified optician, but if they are only sore occasionally the pain may be relieved by gently massaging the muscles around the eyes, but not the eyes themselves.

Bathing the eyes, which can best be done by blinking them in a spoonful of water, has a stimulating and refreshing effect.

It is to be noted that other things as well as reading fatigue the eyes. Watching the play at the theatre, inspecting a picture gallery, and especially looking at a cinematograph will tire the eyes as quickly as the reading of small print.

Possessors of corns may object to my including these in the category of minor aches, but they are trivial, if not in their capabilities of pain certainly in the easiness with which they may be cured.

When you have become tired of the old ladies' prescriptions of ivy leaves, saliva and other nostrums, buy a pennyworth of carbolic acid, mix with it 40 times its own bulk of water, and anoint the corn every evening and every morning with a little of this weak solution. It may best be applied with a piece of cotton wool on the end of a match, and care should be taken not to touch the surrounding flesh. In a very short time the corn will come out.

Ingrowing toe nails are capable of giving the most exquisite torture. Cutting down the nail in the centre is a good plan, but slow in giving relief. The best thing is to remove the sharp corner of the nail which is cutting the flesh, insert beneath it a small piece of cotton wool, and keep the whole in position by covering the end of the nail with a drop of collodion.

Toothache is the most terrible of all smaller aches. There is but one certain cure—a visit to the dentist's, who will either extract the offending tooth or cover the exposed nerve.

Meanwhile a dose of phœnacetin and quinine will help to allay the pain, but the former drug has a depressing effect upon the system, and I hesitate to recommend it.

Where there is a cavity in the tooth a drop of tincture of opium may be put in on a bit of cotton wool, care being taken to rinse the mouth out immediately afterwards and not to swallow any of the solution. This generally gives instant relief.

Where the pain is due to an ulcer at the root of the tooth, and the tooth shows no cavity, it is impossible to stop the pain by a local application, and, till we can have it drawn, we must have recourse to a small dose of phœnacetin, antipyrin or some other simple opiate.

Neuralgia, which is so closely allied to toothache, generally proceeds from the stumps of decayed teeth and usually disappears with their removal.

It is to be noted in the case of both toothache and neuralgia that sometimes the pain is dependent upon a low state of health. When this has been remedied by fresh air and dietin the nervous irritation will very often disappear.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

The Green Eyes

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By A. A. HARPER.

"Hullo!" cried Banfield. "Did you see those two green eyes peering at us from the hedge?"

"No, I didn't," I replied. "What were they like?"

He began to pull up.

"I am sure it's some sort of animal," he said; "let's drive back. I think I could find the place again."

"My dear fellow," I urged, "don't do anything so foolish. I am already more than three parts frozen, and I have no intention of allowing you to wander about hunting for a pair of green eyes that probably never existed except in your imagination. That is the worst of having been born abroad; you get accustomed to every weird kind of savage beast, their eyes are photographed on your mind, and the picture of them presents itself at the oddest moments."

He accepted my rebuke in so far as to drive on, but he protested against the accuracy of my statements.

"You forget," he said, "that I was born in Shanghai, and that China is the only foreign country I've ever been in; and I do not believe there is a wild beast of any size in China—at least, I never saw one. My sole acquaintance with wild animals has been looking at them with thick iron bars between us."

The green eyes did not again enter into our conversation, for we had something more important, and much more pleasing, to speak about. The frost had held the fields for some days, making hunting impossible, but to-night there had been a moist feeling in the air, and, as we drove through the darkness, a tiny drop of rain spattered on my cheek, proving conclusively that the frost was gone, and giving every promise of a good hunting day on the morrow.

I had come down to Semley Hall to hunt, but I had up to this moment been more than doubtful whether the frost would lift. Now that our sport was a certainty we chatted of the good time we were likely to have on the following day, and Harry Banfield recounted for my benefit reports which had been brought him concerning the various foxes in the neighbourhood.

The green eyes were completely forgotten.

Banfield, Senior, had been a banker in Shanghai, and had sent home his son Harry to an English school, where he and I had become fast friends. When the banker reached middle life he had already amassed a fortune, and was on the point of returning home when, owing to the unexpected death of a nephew, he succeeded to Semley Hall and some of the best hunting country in all England. He therefore shook the dust of China from his feet, and came to the Shires to lead the life of a typical squire. This by the way.

The incident of the green eyes was not recalled till the following morning. When I went down to breakfast I was horrified to find Mr. Banfield looking at least ten years older than he had done on the previous evening.

"I fear there will be no hunting for us to-day," he said. "By to-morrow we may be able to hire a few horses from Loughborough. Last night I had, as you know, one of the best strings of hunters in the district, but this morning every one of them is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he continued, "one of the grooms my loss. His quarters are directly above the roused me at five this morning to inform me of stable, and, hearing some slight noise beneath, he got up, lit a lamp and went down to see that all was well. He then discovered that every horse was lying in its stall, still warm, but perfectly dead."

"Have you no sort of theory?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I can scarcely say I have. As he approached the stable door with his lantern, the groom observed a couple of green eyes staring at him out of the darkness, but I am much inclined to think he had been dreaming. Anyhow we shall have a vet. up to examine the bodies early to-day, and he may be able to give us some help in elucidating the mystery."

Harry had by this time come down, and on hearing about the green eyes he at once recounted his own experience of the previous evening, and informed me with an excusable note of triumph that he had not been mistaken after all.

The vet.'s examination followed in due course. He found on the shoulder of each horse a tiny wound which might have been caused by a hypodermic syringe, but he could not discover the remotest traces of poison.

"My opinion, sir, is this," he said, addressing Mr. Banfield. "These horses have been killed by means of some injection, but the drug used must have been one quite out of the common, for there is not a trace of any known poison."

Harry and I drove into Loughborough that afternoon to arrange for the hire of enough hunters to tide us over till a fresh batch could be purchased.

The horses we had obtained were sufficiently good to let us anticipate a fairly exciting run next day, and we spent the evening with considerable cheerfulness. In order that we should be fresh in the morning, we decided to retire betimes, and after a final whisky and soda I bade my friends good-night and betook myself to my room.

I was just about to begin undressing when I heard a shout for help, and then the sound of a heavy body falling. I dashed out into the passage and down the stairs for the cry seemed to come from below. The moonlight was shining in at the staircase window, and it was fortunate for me that this was so, for otherwise I must inevitably have fallen headlong over a dark heap which lay on a small landing at the turn of the stair.

A moment's scrutiny showed me that it was the body of my host.

I was just about to strike a match when I happened to glance towards the foot of the stair. The sight I saw will never leave my memory.

Beside the corner of the passage which led off from the hall towards the servants' quarters, I could see two green lights which seemed to glow dully in the darkness.

They could not belong to any of the cat tribe for they stood some five feet from the ground. That they were eyes was certain, for they were about three inches apart and had that strange luminous brilliance that I had often observed in the eyes of cats and dogs under certain conditions.

As I looked, the eyes disappeared round the corner. I should have liked to give chase but my first duty was to attend to Mr. Banfield. I had just struck a match and was about to make a cursory examination, when Harry came flying downstairs.

Leaving his father in his charge, I dashed down to the hall and made my way at top speed along the passage down which I believed the owner of the eyes had fled. The passage led to a back door, which now stood ajar.

Further pursuit being useless, I returned to render what assistance I could to the fallen man, but he was beyond human aid.

Sport was definitely off, but I stayed on for a week at Semley Hall at the earnest request of my old friend. The local medical man could offer no suggestion as to the cause of Mr. Banfield's death, and a London toxicologist who was summoned gave a verdict corresponding almost exactly to that which the vet. had pronounced in the case of the horses.

"All I can find," he said, "is a tiny mark on the neck, as if a small hypodermic syringe had been used. There is not the faintest trace of any other wound on the body; neither is there any evidence of poison."

The first night after the funeral we retired at an early hour, for neither of us felt fit either to talk or play cards. I suppose it was because I had gone to bed too soon, or possibly it may have been due to the anxiety and uncertainty through which I had recently passed, but certain it is that that night I was doomed to sleeplessness.

I heard the clock downstairs chime hour after hour, and it had just struck one when I made up my mind that I must do something to woo repose.

I therefore slipped out of bed, donned a dressing gown, and prepared to descend to the library for a stiff nobbler of whisky, when an impulse—either of cowardice or the primal instinct of self-preservation—prompted me to slip into the pocket of my gown a small revolver which I had purchased after Mr. Banfield's murder.

I opened the door quietly so as not to disturb those more favoured by the goddess of slumber, and moved cautiously along the passage. Between my own apartment and the staircase was the room of the new master of Semley Hall. Turning a corner I came in sight of his door.

Down beside the handle I could see two green eyes, burning angrily through the semi-darkness of the passage.

What I ought to have done, I do not know. What I did do was to whip out my revolver and fire a couple of shots as accurately as I could in the direction of the eyes. The ethics of the matter scarcely concerned me at that moment, but I feel now that I was justified, for we had good reason to suppose that the eyes belonged to some fiendish and murderous creature which could be dealt with in no gentle manner.

My first bullet struck the woodwork of the door, but my second found a softer billet. I heard it thud dully against flesh, and in a moment a shriek of terror confirmed my surmise that my aim had been accurate.

Harry, roused by the sound of firing, was out of his room in a twinkling, and by the aid of matches we examined the result of my handiwork. On the passage stretched at our feet lay a Chinaman, dead, but still bleeding from a wound in the neck. Fetching a candle, Harry peered into his face.

"So this is the explanation," he said. "I remember the man—I know him by that scar across the bridge of his nose—as one of my father's servants in China. He robbed us, and my father had him convicted. He swore then that he would be avenged, and the years he has passed in a Chinese prison have apparently kept his hatred fresh. I expect he meant to finish me off next, and I have to thank you, old man, for my life."

We immediately dispatched a groom for the police, who, now that the mystery was solved for them, were most business-like in the matter. They discovered in one of the pockets of the Chinaman's coat a hypodermic syringe, containing a poison which was unknown to Western civilisation, but which, when tried on some white mice, proved immediately fatal without leaving any trace.

A careful post-mortem examination was held on the Chinaman's body, and it was discovered that his eyes were in many respects like those of the lower animals, so that they shone green when seen in certain half-lights. I was, of course, formally arrested, but the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, thus exonerating me from all blame.

Doubtless the Chinaman's intention had been to extirpate Mr. Banfield's family root and branch. He was all too successful so far, but I shall never cease to be thankful that I prevented him from carrying out his purpose to the full.

FOR MEN ONLY.

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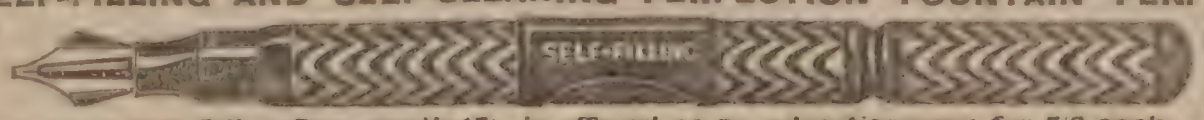

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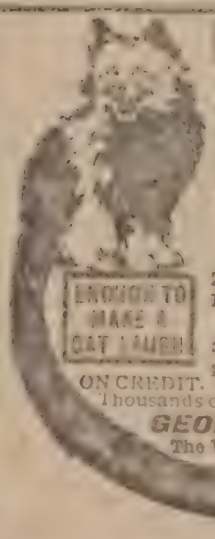

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WRITE TO-DAY FOR LIST 133

GEORGE ROBEY,

The World's Provider,

[illegible]

SOLDIER SLANG.

Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.—KIPLING.

Tommy has terms specially designed to describe those whom he does not care for. The lady-like soldier who is very prim and unappreciative of canteen humour, is referred to as a tea-garden.

The man who does not drink is in no wise despised in the Army, but, should he force his opinions on his fellows, he is referred to as being "on the cot." Those who are more famous as eaters than drinkers are described as bun-stranglers.

Pa is the affectionate term by which the colonel of many a regiment is known in the canteen. This must be looked upon as a generic term, and is usually supplemented by a nickname applicable to the individual alone.

In infantry regiments the senior captain is mounted, but the other is not, and is consequently dubbed the mud-major. A bandsman is a wind-jammer, and a non-commissioned officer is referred to as a non-efficient coffee-seller. A bugler is a fiddler, and the man who brings the rations to the mess-room is Mary Ann.

For every part of his uniform the soldier has a name of his own. His helmet is known as Toby, his bayonet is a butter knife, his boots are his ammunitions. A cavalry man's cleaning rag is his reckoner, and his spurs are his meat-hooks. Even the glory of a medal is hidden in the soldier's own name for it, gong or frying pan.

Beef is to Tommy saddle-flaps, soup is jipper, bread is pronk, pudding is spotted dog, and beer is juice.

Should a soldier be unfortunate enough to be taken off to the guard-room, he is said to be weighed off, and, if he should actually be sent to a military prison, his friends will tell you that he has gone to college, or that he is having his hair cut. When Tommy goes to bed, he says that he is going to get his eye down. To get one's hand down means to stand your comrades a drink, a thing that you are expected to do when you receive a promotion.

The married quarters are spoken of as the patch, and the children as knapsacks.

The men in the other branches of the service are invariably referred to with contempt. The Lancer describes the Highlander as a Jock and the infantryman as a mud-pusher. The Army Medical Corps is dubbed the linseed lancers, and the Army Service Corps the bread-and-meat men.

The Royal Engineers are always described as the Suffering Miners. The origin of this particular nickname is interesting. The Engineers are known officially as sappers and miners, but the Hindoo has a trick of substituting "f" for "p," and during this regiment's sojourn in India they were spoken of by the natives as "safferin miners." The transition into Suffering Miners was simple and obvious.

The Munster Fusiliers are called the Dirty Shirts, but the men of this regiment would be the last to resent this term. During the Mutiny they were stationed at Delhi, and on one particular occasion did signal service while fighting in their powder-begrimed shirt sleeves. As the nickname is commemorative of this, it is in no wise discreditable. The Welsh Fusiliers, however, are not quite so proud of their own nickname, the Nanny Goats, nor is the Leicestershire Regiment particularly pleased to hear itself described as the Green Cats.

For every well-known officer Tommy has a nickname of his own, and one that is as a rule entirely different from that used by outsiders. Lord Kitchener is commonly described as "K. of K.," but to the soldier he is known as Hawk-eye, in compliment to the fact that he has the reputation of seeing everything. Lord Roberts is sometimes referred to as Bobs, but more often as Little Freddy.

I shall not disclose the nicknames of certain other officers, because I don't want this paper to suffer from an action for libel.

H. GRAY-REID.

Uninvited Guests.

WANTED: GOOD CLOTHES, TACT AND CHEEK.

He who spends his life in attending social functions, and who never uses his brain except in devising some method by which he may obtain additional social distinction, is a butterfly, not a man.

No ordinary, useful member of the community can sympathise with his ambitions or admire him.

It is scarcely possible, however, to restrain admiration for certain enterprising young men who, in spite of never having had the faintest tinge of blue blood in their pedigree, in spite of having to earn a living, yet contrive to spend their evenings in almost the same manner as the lordly darlings of society.

Their credentials are a good carriage, fairly good looks, an unimpeachable manner and accent, and unbounded nerve.

When six o'clock has struck, the young man of this daring type will hie him to his lodgings, eat a hasty meal, get into his evening dress suit, and take a motor-bus to Grosvenor Square.

A WALKING WHO'S WHO.

He knows London society better than most outsiders, and a careful study of the newspapers has acquainted him with the names of the so-called smart set; the Post Office directory gives him their addresses; a map and a little exploration has shown him the houses themselves.

He knows them and avoids them carefully, for the smart set is a vulgar but exclusive coterie who fence themselves in and who will hold no truck with the less advertising members of society; the members of the smart set are well acquainted with one another, and the presence of an uninvited guest at their houses would immediately be discovered. Therefore the daring intruder selects a house where there is a red carpet down the steps and over the pavement, but which is not one belonging to the smart set.

Perhaps he has arrived too early. He is never so imprudent as to enter a house alone. He walks round the square for a bit, and presently sees a carriage or a motor-car draw up at the door of the house. He is quickly on the spot, and enters the house immediately behind the new arrivals. He passes as one of their party, and the fact that he arrived on foot, instead of driving, is not suspected by the servants.

NO CRIME.

In entering the house uninvited he has committed no crime. At the worst he can, if he is challenged, explain that he mistook the house for that of a friend; but he is not challenged once in a hundred times.

Hostesses now invite so many people to their functions that it is impossible for them to recall every face as they welcome a stream of people at the top of the stairs. So the young man passes undetected into the ball-room.

As a rule he does more to make the function a success than does the ordinary invited guest. It is a notorious fact that the men of society are becoming too lazy to dance more than once or twice in the course of an evening; they attend balls more because it is the right thing to do than because they care for that particular form of amusement.

The intruder, on the other hand, loves dancing, and nothing will please him better than to dance all the time. It may thus be said that he earns his supper, and his hostess, even if she should afterwards discover that the charming Mr. Fortescue's name does not appear in Burke, has no particular reason for being annoyed.

There are men who have thus attended dances for years without being discovered as intruders, but they are people of more than usual prudence and caution. Many a habitual uninvited guest, finding his little deception so easy, determines to carry the game a stage or two farther.

He scrapes acquaintance with some of the other men at the ball, explains that he is a step-son of Lord Crumbleford, and, by attending other dances where he meets the same man, gradually forms an acquaintanceship that occasionally ripens into friendship.

Thus he may actually secure a few invitations to social functions, and one of his new friends may perhaps invite him to attend a polo match at Hurlingham.

The uninvited guest has now blossomed out into the society imposter, and his downfall is merely a matter of time. Had he been content to remain a mere intruder at crowded social functions, his adventures would have been less exciting, but their termination less certain.

EXPLOITING SNOBBERY.

A development of this social imposture is the exploitation of the lower middle-classes who love a lord so dearly that they are even prepared to extend their utmost hospitality to anyone who has but met him.

Thus it is that the uninvited guest of the ball-rooms of Mayfair becomes on Sundays, and on occasional evenings, the honoured guest at the tables of Brixton. It may be necessary for him to explain to his friends that he is poor, for the fact is difficult to conceal, but poverty and charming manners are not incongruous, and the fiction devoured so eagerly by the women of Brixton has long since taught them that a nobleman may be forced to earn his living.

Thus the imposter carefully dovetails his pretensions on to his actual life. He makes no secret to the Brixtonites as to which office he works in. They know his hours of leisure, and they arrange their invitations accordingly. What they do not know is that his connection with society is a counterfeit one.

AMBITIOUS MRS. SMITH.

Sometimes when calling he will accidentally drop the programme of a duchess from his pocket, and when accepting invitations he has a trick of beginning his letter "Dear Lonsdale," scoring it out, and writing beneath it "Dear Smith." Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith, especially the latter, are duly impressed, and they almost succeed in convincing themselves that they are in the same set as his lordship.

One of the boldest of these imposters assumed to himself a baronetcy which did not exist. He used the title, "Sir," till he eventually obtained a more lucrative job in Australia. Nobody took the trouble to investigate his title, and, even had it been found that it was of his own creation, nothing unpleasant could have happened.

Peers are duly protected, but there is no authority capable of condemning bad baronetcies; neither could the police have objected, for the imposter never attempted to obtain money from anyone on the strength of the title.

That sort of thing requires a steady head and a good deal of thought for successfully carrying through. The enjoyment of a fashionable dance, however, is within the reach of anyone who owns a dress suit and a placid countenance.

H. B. IMPY.

THE MAILED REBUKE.

The Kaiser is always fussing around. The other day he dropped in at a little country school near Potsdam just at the hour when lessons ought to have begun, but the teacher had not turned up.

As he is convinced that he is an expert at everything, the Kaiser himself began to teach the youngsters. Ten minutes later the teacher arrived perspiring, but he felt very chilly when he saw who was his visitor.

Next morning a packet arrived for the teacher, and he had a very uncomfortable five seconds till he got it open, for he imagined that it contained a peremptory dismissal.

But it was only an alarm clock, with the Emperor's compliments.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

IN THE TREATMENT OF WEAK, THIN, AND FALLING HAIR BY MEANS OF MR. GEORGE R. SIMS'S FAMOUS HAIR GROWER—"TATCHO." PARTICULARS OF A WONDERFUL OFFER, WHICH IS MADE SO AS TO INTRODUCE THIS TO THE PUBLIC, WITHOUT UNLIMITED PUFFING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

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THE GREAT HAIR GROWER.

"When I discovered the preparation which is now known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair NOW, isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place this genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine, good, true,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake its introduction to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best known scientific, literary and commercial names in London, and under the name of the Geo. R. Sims Company, is introducing Mr. Geo. R. Sims's hair renewer to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

As will be seen from Mr. Sims's personal statement, necessity was the mother of his invention, and that same necessity prevails to-day to an alarming extent—alarming both in the æsthetic and hygienic aspect, for not alone is Beauty marred by premature loss of hair, but health may also be affected by the disappearance of a protective covering. Therefore, Mr. Geo. R. Sims is in a double sense a public benefactor.

In most cases loss of hair may be attributed to lack of natural nutrition, and where this exists the need of such a remedy as cured Mr. Geo. R. Sims cannot be too strongly advocated. Like a thief in the night the falling of the hair steadily creeps along, and is neglected until the thinness is marked enough to bring forth the remark: "Surely I used to have a better head of hair than this." On the subject of actual baldness—baldness is in very many cases obstinate, but in most cases quite curable. We have the testimony of many who are strangers alike to Mr. Geo. R. Sims and the company whose title bears his name, that baldness can be cured. Living testimony is incontrovertible.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

TATCHO COUPON.

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one large trial bottle of Mr. George R. Sims's Hair Renewer, "Tatcho," 4s. 6d. size, for the sum of 1s. 10d. post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for unlimited puffing by advertisement.

Per Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co

"Modern Man," Dec. 5.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

LOOSE CUFFS.

A reader asks me how many pairs of loose cuffs I consider necessary for a man in the course of a year. My answer is brief: None.

The loose cuff, like the loose front, can never find any place on the well dressed man, for it is one of those things that are other than they seem, and such articles, coming as they do under the category of imitations, are outside the province of tasteful dress.

I shall never forget on one occasion visiting a Surrey-side theatre and witnessing one of the crude melodramas generally staged at such places. The villain had been doing his fell work with his usual success, but towards the end of the play the hero discovered his treachery, and was busy denouncing him amid the subdued applause of the gallery and pit.

The hero had the heroine in one arm, and the other he waved disdainfully at the villain; at length he became especially impatient, and with a sudden jerk pointed a finger of scorn at his enemy. Unfortunately he was wearing loose cuffs, and the one on the pointing arm flew over his hand and was deftly caught by the villain at the other side of the stage.

I was sorry for the poor fellow, but I could not help thinking that it served him right. If he had not been lazy he would have taken the trouble of putting on a white shirt.

MATERIALS FOR LEGGINGS.

With the popularity of the legging we have the inevitable introduction of an almost endless range of materials from which it may be made. Amongst the most popular of the innovations is doeskin, in every shade of colour—fawn, brown, grey and even slate.

It is argued that this by presenting a rough surface enables the horseman to get a better grip of the saddle. Probably such a legging helps the beginner in keeping his seat, and it may even assist the experienced rider when galloping or taking a fence; but saddle grip is a matter of muscular pressure rather than mere surface tension.

The special utility of the doeskin legging is therefore practically non-existent, and we must choose it or leave it alone just as our individual fancy dictates. Its merit, if it has any, lies in its appearance. For my own part I don't like doeskin much; it seems too delicate for its purpose.

THE MERITS OF PIGSKIN.

Smooth hide looks exceedingly well if the legging is properly cut, for it is capable of taking a very high polish. As there is no visible grain, dust cannot harbour anywhere except in the seams, and leggings of this kind are consequently very easy to clean. Their chief fault is that about the inside of the ankle they are apt to become in time marked with constant bending. The creases so made are the more apparent because of the absolute smoothness of the rest of the surface.

Leggings, of this kind especially, should only just cover the boot tops; that lessens the creasing.

Personally I plump for pigskin. It keeps its shape better than most leathers, and its natural surface offers a splendid resistance to wet. To my mind it looks well from the time of its brilliant yellow newness to the day when after long use and many polishings it becomes a rich nut brown.

CLOTHES AND PHYSIQUE.

Just as the clothes affect the mind so I verily believe they have a direct influence upon the physical man. A man carries himself according to the character for which he is dressed. If he is in morning-coat and tile he walks slowly and more or less sedately. On the other hand when he dons flannels or breeches he is ready for anything in the way of athletics that may offer itself, for his movements are unfettered by his clothes. He walks more quickly, his shoulders and arms swing easily to his step, and I am convinced that his physical development must benefit in direct proportion.

SELLING YOUR CLOTHES.

In a certain London paper you will find each morning a list of a dozen advertisers who are willing to buy disused clothes. Once when my wardrobe wanted clearing I sent a large parcel to one of these firms. It included a tweed suit, not much the worse for wear; a jacket and vest for which I had lost favour but which were still quite presentable; two pairs of brown boots whose only fault was that they had become too dark for my fancy; a pair of cashmere trousers, still in good condition; a pair of breeches, and a highly respectable bowler hat. The magnificent sum which they "remitted" to me (the word appears in almost every advertisement and seems to foreshadow a big cheque) was exactly five shillings.

This princely sum I invested in a tie, and I sometimes look at that tie and think of what it cost me.

Now I give my clothes away, for I feel they do more good to those on whom I bestow them than the five shillings would do to me. If I really wanted to make as much as possible out of clothes that I had finished with, I should look about amongst my acquaintances for someone who was less well off than myself and who was about the same height and girth, and I should broach the subject to him. For a tweed suit in good repair such a man would pay possibly ten shillings, and even then he would have a remarkably good bargain, for I happen to know that a suit in the condition of which I speak could not be purchased from a second-hand clothes dealer for less than a sovereign.

Men who want to keep down their dress expenses as much as possible might find this suggestion useful.

CHOOSING A SUIT.

It always takes me about a quarter-of-an-hour to select the material for a new suit. I have done it in less time, but never with lasting satisfaction. In the matter of selecting a cloth you should listen to the tailor's advice, but here more than in anything else it is your taste that is paramount.

Patterns of unusual brightness are to be avoided by any man except him who has an unlimited number of suits. The man who wears a pronounced pattern frequently gets known by his suit and not by himself.

The wearer, as well as the observer, is apt to get tired of a loud suit.

It is just as well to remember that the tailor can give you a more perfect fit in a thick cloth than in a thin one, a fact that may be useful to you in the selection of your cold weather outfit.

The tailor will generally try to induce you to have your suit made from one of the large bales of cloth which he has stocked, but, if none of these meets your fancy, insist on seeing his book of patterns and select from it. Here a fresh difficulty arises. It is not easy to gauge from a small pattern what the cloth will look like in the piece. A so-called invisible check, which appears but a line in the pattern, may be much too pronounced when the suit is made up.

If you live in a provincial town I should advise you to stipulate with your tailor not to supply any other customer with the same cloth. In a small town it is unpleasant to see someone else dressed exactly the same as yourself, because people mistake you for one another. In large towns, of course, it does not matter.

TRYING ON BOOTS.

I have known some men to be so ashamed of the size of their feet that they would always endeavour to persuade their bootmakers to supply them with an article about half a size too small. Foolish people, they.

If you want a really comfortable pair of boots—comfortable, that is, at the very outset—try them on with a thick pair of socks, and wear them for the first few days with a very thin pair. Another point is this, do not be satisfied with the boot unless it is quite comfortable when you put your full weight upon it. Your foot is not quite so large when you are sitting down as when you are standing, and a boot may seem perfectly comfortable when you are sitting but give you "gyp" when you get up.

Should a boot press uncomfortably on one particular spot, I shall not say a corn, you will find instant relief by laying on at the point of pressure a rag soaked in warm water. This softens the leather and your toe presses it into the right shape.

THE SINFUL HATTER.

I believe if a lie were repeated to one often enough one would at last begin to think it a truth. That apparently is the principle on which the average hatter does business. With Burns we lack the giftie of observing ourselves with the eyes of others. In spite of even the most careful scrutiny in the looking glass we still have doubts as to whether a certain hat or cap suits our particular style of beauty. It is then that we appeal to the hatter for his opinion though we know it is always the same.

"That suits you perfectly, sir."

I suppose he gets his goods sold by these means, but I fancy he would benefit his trade, and he would certainly improve the appearance of his sex, by advising his customers as to what really did suit them. You may be perfectly satisfied with the hat when looking at it in the mirror, but it may be most unbecoming to you sideways, which is a view you do not as a rule observe in the looking glass.

PAINT AND OTHER THINGS.

The outdoor man, being such, is more likely to have his clothes stained with paint and other things than his stay-at-home brother. If you discover that your coat has become smeared with paint, wipe off all that will come while it is still wet, for the removal of paint is not an easy thing, and it is important that you should leave as little adhering to the cloth as may be.

On your return home dab turpentine freely into the stain. Let it soak for a moment, then place a piece of blotting paper underneath the cloth and another piece on top, and press it with a moderately hot iron. This will take out most of the paint first go, but a second application of turpentine and a second ironing will probably be necessary.

Tar will yield if you first rub in a little vaseline or pure oil, and then apply the turpentine and ironing as in the case of paint. For grease stains the ironing with blotting paper alone will be sufficient.

Many sticky substances may be removed from cloth by the application of methylated spirits and water, or whisky and water.

USEFUL PETROL.

The usefulness of petrol as a cleaning agent is too little understood. It is one of the best things I know for removing grease spots from boots, for example. This little hint should be useful particularly to those motor cyclists who wear brown boots when following their pastime.

It is very difficult to prevent one's boots being stained with the viscous inky grease that a motor discharges, but the remedy is at hand. Let the smudge be rubbed, as soon after it has been made as possible, with a clean rag dipped in petrol and the stain, which otherwise would have remained an eyesore throughout the life of the boot, will disappear.

Leave the boot in the fresh air for a bit to take away the petrol smell.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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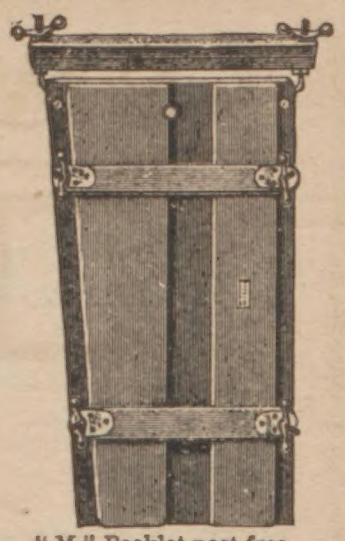

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Agents Wanted.

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We are making this special offer of a reduced price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for a limited time, after which the former higher price will again be in effect; it is therefore absolutely necessary that you should send your order to-day, as we cannot guarantee how long the present price will be in force. We have just laid aside a certain number for distribution at 2s. in order to make the merits of the "Ideal" more widely known.

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Special Note to Youths and those beginning to Shave.—It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the best way to stimulate the growth of young hair is to be frequently shaved. With the "Ideal" Safety you run no risks of cutting or of soreness of skin, and you will be surprised how quickly a strong growth of hair will appear on the face if constantly shaved with our Safety.

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KHOOSH BITTERS (1906), Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.